

SUMMER NUMBER  
FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED



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# THE COLORED NUMBER OF FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

TWELVE MONTHLY NUMBERS, ONE DOLLAR.

July 7, 1892.

REGULAR EDITION (52 NUMBERS) FOUR DOLLARS.

## THE DEMOCRATIC TARIFF ATTITUDE.

The action of the Chicago convention on the question of the tariff leaves no doubt at all that the Democratic party is squarely committed to the free-trade principle. In that platform it finally abandons the idea of protection to American labor, and pronounces unqualifiedly in favor of a tariff for revenue only. In the platform as originally presented by the committee it was declared that in the work of tariff reform care should be taken not to endanger domestic industries, and that any changes of law must be at every step regardful of the labor and capital involved. "The process of reform," it was urged, "must be subject in the execution to this plain dictate of justice." When the resolutions were reported to the convention objection was at once made to the adoption of this plank, Mr. Henry Watterson leading the opposition in denouncing it as a "monstrosity," and insisting that the party could not afford to "straddle" this great question. In this opposition he was supported by many of the strongest men on the floor. Finally, by a vote of 564 to 342, the following resolution was substituted, to take the place of that reported by the committee:

"We denounce Republican protection as a fraud, a robbery of the great majority of the American people for the benefit of the few. We declare it to be a fundamental principle of the Democratic party that the Federal government has no constitutional power to enforce and collect tariff duties except for the purpose of revenue only, and demand that the collection of such taxes shall be limited to the necessities of the government, and honestly and economically administered."

In the declaration here made the convention simply reiterates the sentiments expressed by Mr. Cleveland in his somewhat famous speech in the late Rhode Island campaign. In that speech he took occasion to indicate his violent antagonism to the protective principle, and arraigned the capitalists who are engaged in manufacturing industries as thieves and robbers. Holding the sentiments then and since avowed, and standing upon the platform made for him at Chicago, it will be utterly idle for any man to insist that Mr. Cleveland is not committed, soul and body, to the most ultra free-trade doctrines. No Democrat who believes in protection to American industries, and who honestly desires to see that principle carried out, can give Mr. Cleveland his support. No workingman or capitalist, of any party, who believes that American capital and labor should have a fair show and an open field in the struggle for supremacy as against Old-World competition, can possibly contribute, by his vote, to the success of the party whose triumph in the coming contest would mean the abandonment of the American protective system, the downfall of our industrial prosperity, and the introduction here of the social and industrial conditions which Europe is to-day seeking to escape by the adoption of the very principle which these Democrats propose to discard.

## DEMOCRATIC INCONSISTENCY.

THE initial declaration of the Democratic platform is a protest against legislation for fair and honest elections. Under pretense of solicitude for the "electoral rights of the people in the several States," they denounce the proposed Election bill as proposing to "establish a monarchy on the ruins of the republic," and go on to intimate that organized resistance to such a law would be a justifiable exercise of an inherent right. Nothing could be more untrue or unjust than this characterization of the proposed election law. That act, as favored by Republicans, is in every respect carefully guarded, and looks solely to the protection of the suffrage and the repression of force and fraud at the ballot-box. The simple truth is that the Democracy are always the enemies of legislation which proposes to protect the most sacred right of the citizen. They have shown this in every State where they are in authority. The outrages perpetrated in New York during the last winter, when the expressed will of the people was reversed and the legislative authority was practically stolen from those to whom it had been committed, the outrages upon the ballot in the Southern States, the frauds and crimes committed against it in New Jersey, in Rhode Island, and in other Northern States, all go to show that the dominant sentiment of the Democratic party is hostile to a free and intelligent ballot, and that there is no safety for "government of the people and by the people" where that party is in supreme control.

The inconsistency of the Democratic platform in de-

nouncing the so-called Force bill, while it has not a single word in condemnation of the infamies perpetrated upon the ballot in Northern and Southern States, is so obvious that it must provoke the contempt of all right-minded people.

## THE PULPIT AND PUBLIC QUESTIONS.

ONE of the notable signs of the times is the tendency which prevails among clergymen to participate actively in the discussion of social and political questions. Representative men of all denominations are awakening to a perception of the fact that they have certain public duties which they cannot afford any longer to neglect. Some of the most impressive movements of recent times looking to the reform of political and social abuses have derived their chief impulse and momentum from the support of the pulpit. In the present political campaign prominent clergymen are speaking out with great decision and emphasis in support of good government and honest administration. At a recent Republican meeting in Brooklyn one of the ablest and most eloquent of the city clergymen electrified the assembly by taking the platform and making a ringing address in support of President Harrison and the cause he represents. At another meeting, in this city, a clergyman of another denomination appeared as a voluntary speaker, declaring that he felt it to be his duty in this crisis to speak out in advocacy of the policy which the present administration has so vigorously maintained.

There are, of course, those who regard this attitude of the pulpit as to public affairs with disfavor. They hold to the old-fashioned opinion that the clergy have nothing to do with questions of politics and social reform, and are inclined to resent the appearance of ministers on the public platform as an unjustifiable intrusion. But it is notable that these objectors are for the most part found with those who advocate principles and measures which cannot stand the test of intelligent scrutiny. The fact is that no greater misfortune could overtake society or the church than that clergymen should ignore political conviction. The London *Spectator* very truly says, in discussing this general question, that "no Christian ministers are as useful as they might be who do not enter heartily into the issues of political life, and endeavor, as far as they can, to keep the great moral principles which should guide their people in canvassing these issues clearly and constantly before them. Every Christian minister is as much in his right in forming carefully his political opinions and urging them out of the pulpit as any other class of people."

The *Spectator* goes on to say in elaborating its thought:

"It is quite a mistake to cut off the clergy of any church from the exercise of their political rights, on the untrue plea that they will diminish their spiritual influence by asserting their rights and discharging their duties. As citizens, they are as much bound to set a good political example as they are to set a good moral and religious example. Indeed, nothing can relieve them from that duty. And if, from the fear of injuring their spiritual influence, they were to ignore that duty, they would soon find it necessary to ignore other duties—the duty, for instance, of mediating between the obstinacy of capital and the obstinacy of labor—on the very same plea. Let religious ministers cease to feel or even cease to display political interests which are part of their natural character, and they will soon become an artificial class of men, more and more removed from the natural play of human motives."

What is here said applies to the pulpit here with even greater force than to that of Great Britain. It is certainly to be hoped that the time is far distant when our spiritual guides will be denied the right of speaking for the truth as they understand it, in or out of their pulpits.

## SENATOR HILL'S COLLAPSE.

THERE has never been a more utter collapse of a Presidential boom than in the case of that so carefully and industriously nourished by Senator Hill. Two weeks before the Chicago convention assembled Senator Hill confidently assured his friends on all occasions that his nomination was certain. The thing, he said, was fixed. Nothing, he declared, could prevent the success of his boom. To-day there is not enough of it left to make a raft. In point of fact, not a single plank has survived the fury of the storm which broke upon it at Chicago.

What will the Senator do? All his partisan villainies, his desperate scheming, his prostitutions and use of official authority for personal ends, his alliances with the evil forces of society, have counted for nothing in his appeal to the grand assize of his party. The plea, "I am a Democrat," backed by the eloquence and enthusiasm of his own

solid State delegation, commanded scarcely an appreciable vote from the Democracy of the nation. And, more than all, the man he set out to defeat, and upon whose overthrow he proposed to mount to power, is, by an overwhelming vote, made the party candidate. Not only so, but this is done at the demand of mugwumps who are despised of David's soul. Surely, there could not be a more bitter cup. Will he drink it?

Most men, when their ambitions fail, find some measure of consolation in the sympathy of real friends. Even Job, covered with boils and sitting in ashes, had sympathizing companions. Senator Hill will not enjoy this luxury. He deserves in the fullest sense the fate which has overtaken him. All friends of good government rejoice in his downfall. And as for his recent allies, they will desert him the moment it shall become apparent that he has ceased to be a dominating political force.

Senator Hill can no more escape his Nemesis than he can atone for the political crimes which he has committed in the name of Democracy.

## CANADA'S UNJUST DISCRIMINATIONS.

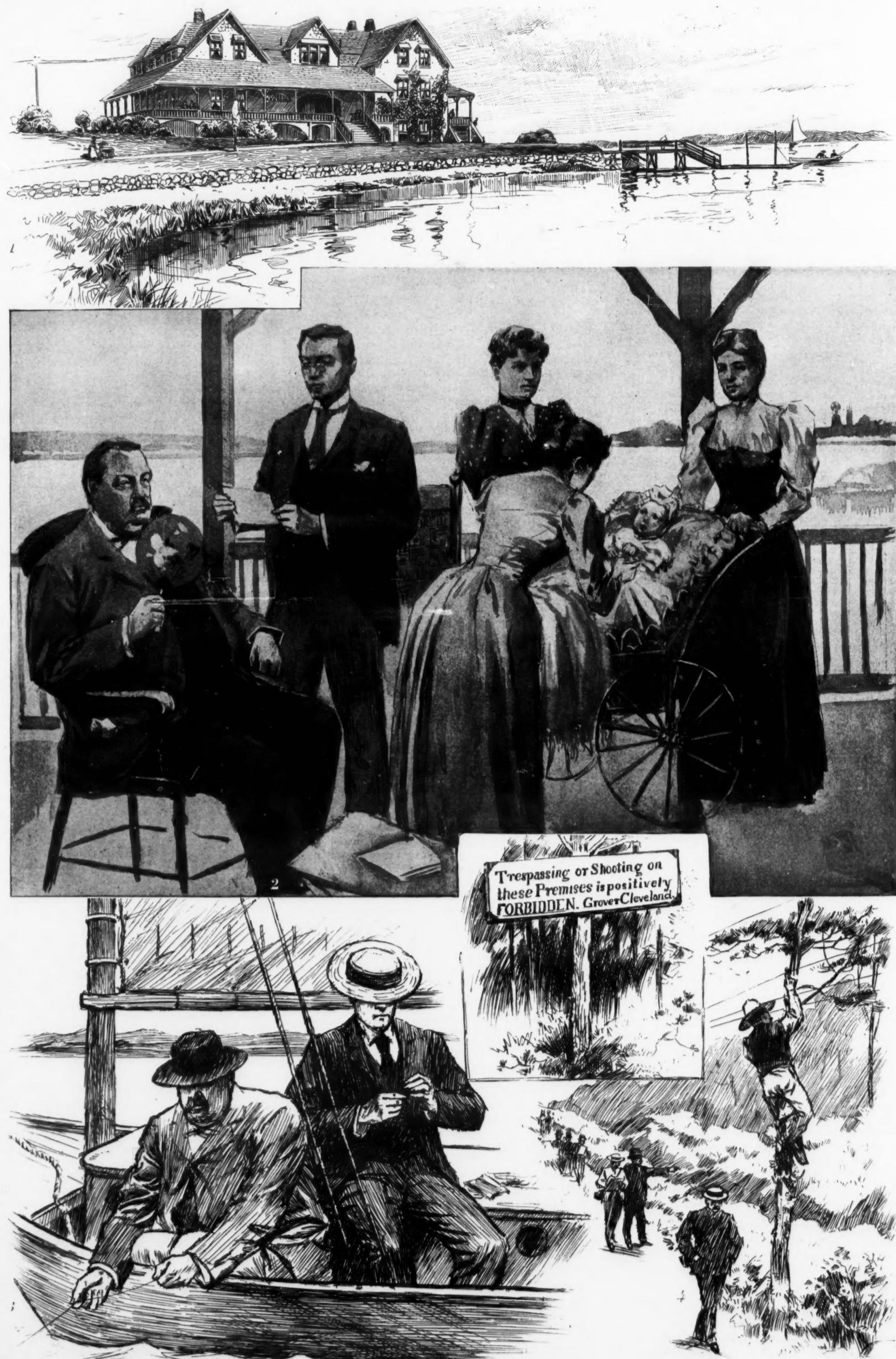
THE Canadian newspapers do not relish the message of President Harrison recommending that the United States should adopt retaliatory measures against Canada for discriminating against American vessels on the Canadian canals. Some of them pronounce the message "simply an election dodge." They will probably find, if they wait a while, that it is a serious assertion of American rights, backed by a vigorous American opinion. The justice of the course suggested by the President is undoubted. The treaty of Washington guaranteed to American citizens the right to use the Welland, St. Lawrence, and other canals in the Dominion "on terms of equality with the inhabitants of the Dominion." This absolute equality of treatment was the consideration for concessions on the part of this government made in the same article of the treaty, and which have been faithfully kept. In plain violation of this treaty provision the Canadian government maintains a discrimination by which a rebate of eighteen cents a ton is allowed upon grain going to Montreal, but not to American ports, and refuses this rebate even to grain going to Montreal, if transshipped at an American port. It is against this unfair discrimination that the President enters his protest. Canada enjoys the same privilege as Americans on the Sault Ste. Marie, and it is a sheer outrage to charge American citizens the tolls that are demanded from them at present on the Welland Canal.

The people of the country are with the President in his demand that the Dominion government should fulfill its treaty obligations, and no amount of bluster on the part of the Canadians will swerve him or them from the position which has been taken. It is to be hoped that Congress, acting in patriotic obedience to the same spirit, will speedily take proper action in the premises. If that body had done its duty a retaliatory policy might long ago have been adopted. Apparently a principal cause of its failure to enact desirable legislation is found in the opposition of Senators whose States reap a benefit from being the terminal points of international roads.

## THE REPUBLICAN TARIFF POLICY.

ONE of the effective points made by Governor McKinley, in his recent speech in this city, was to the effect that the great purpose of the American tariff is to protect the American fireside, American workmen and American industries, by putting on all foreign competing goods a tax sufficiently large to make up the difference in the wages paid in this country and the wages paid abroad. "Whenever," he said, "Europe will give to her workingmen the same wages that we give to ours, then we will remove our tariffs and meet her in the markets of the world, and it will be the survival of the fittest. We can have free trade in this country, and not a moment sooner, when the nations of the world bring their social and labor conditions up to ours. But we will never lower ours down to theirs."

This is the exact fact in the case. The one dominant insistence of the Republican party is that American labor shall never be brought down to the standard of foreign labor; but that it shall have all the protection which will insure its prosperity and development, as against all hostile legislation at home and all competition of pauperized labor abroad.



1. GRAY GABLES. 2. READING TELEGRAMS FROM THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION. 3. EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND GOVERNOR RUSSELL OF MASSACHUSETTS, FISHING.

4. A WESTERN-UNION LINEMAN EXAMINING THE TELEGRAPH WIRES ON THE ROAD FROM BUZZARD'S BAY TO MR. CLEVELAND'S COTTAGE.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS AT GRAY GABLES, THE SUMMER HOME OF EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, DURING THE WEEK OF THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION.—DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.—[SEE PAGE 32.]



"I should take her hand, just as I am taking your hand."

## A DIPLOMATIC COURTSHIP.

BY ROBERT STEWART.

If you had asked George Telfair to define the philosophy of success he would probably have laughed and replied, "When you see what you want, ask for it." And so, when he fell in love with Miss Trumble, though he realized he was guilty of a grave indiscretion, he saw no reason for deserting a principle which had marshaled him to victory on so many previous occasions. Indeed, the very consciousness that he was the last man in the world who would coincide with Miss Trumble's ideas of masculine perfection only made him the more determined that she should not prove an exception to his rule when he propounded the fatal question. But it was only when flushed by the excitement of personal contact that he had any great hopes of success, for he realized that no amount of determination on his part could successfully array itself against utter indifference, and that there was really no reason why Miss Trumble should select him from the ten or dozen other young men who were equally desirous of being placed upon that pedestal, as the particular god of her idolatry.

In person, he was rather short than otherwise, his mouth was a couple of sizes too large for him, and his hair was of that peculiar hue which is supposed to have some mysterious combination with a white horse. But if those locks were brilliant, they clustered round a perfectly shaped head, that was set upon a magnificent pair of shoulders, his bright blue eyes looked into yours in a very kind, manly way, and if his mouth was a misfit the merriest of laughs was constantly proceeding from it.

"I'm certainly not an Adonis," he said to himself, with a grin, after a hasty *résumé* of his charms, "and never could expect any well regulated young woman to fall in love with my face. Fancy any girl wanting to fondle my hair! Dear me! she'd be afraid of burning her fingers." Still, there must be a road to every woman's heart, if a man could but find it, and it would make very little difference, he thought, when she saw him coming that way, whether he had long, flowing black locks or short red hair.

The problem, then, which presented itself for solution was how he was to discover the particular path in question, and he smoked a prodigious number of pipes in pondering over it, until at length he hit upon a plan at once so bold and so novel that he was enchanted with his cleverness in having invented it. And any qualms of conscience which may have tormented him as to harboring a scheme of which she was to be the victim fled abashed before the two bewitching little dimples she displayed in her cheeks as he stood in her drawing-room holding her slim, cool hand and gazing down at her kind, handsome face, with its soft brown hair, and dark eyes, and rosy, laughing lips.

Miss Trumble's lips always wore their most charming smile when Telfair came to talk to her. Indeed, she liked him immensely. There was something exceedingly infectious in his jolly round face and frank laughter. He scarcely ever bored her; he was full of fun and stories; and yet he never spoke an ill word about any one, or made remarks better left unsaid. Then

they had a large past, both of individuals and circumstances, to discuss, and when everything else failed they could sit and reminisce quite comfortably. So now she began, with a nod of her small head, after it had occurred to him that even so innocent an amusement as holding a young woman's hand must end some time:

"I'm particularly glad to see you this afternoon, because you are the very last person I expected."

"That's interesting," returned he, placing his hat carefully on the piano, "but slightly indefinite."

"Indefinite?" she said, "Oh, no. It was merely that I discovered a few moments ago that my own society wasn't half what I had always pictured it to be, and I remembered that you were amusing."

"Well, I'm very sorry," returned he, with one of his broad smiles; "I'd be charmed to oblige you. But I've left my toy music-box at home, and you have seen the wheels of my watch so many times——"

"Now you are vexed," cried she, laughing. "That is very commonplace of you."

"On the contrary," he replied, "the sweet calm of my nature isn't even ruffled. It was simply that while I can of course understand your yearning for the delights of my society, the expression of it was rather startling. Do explain."

"No," said she; "I can't. Besides, I dislike explanations. The events which go to make up one's varying moods seem so mean and petty when they are expressed."

"That depends," he returned, "upon their ethical significance. But don't let's sermonize—when there is tea. Will you give me some, or shall I help myself?"

"You may help me, too, if you will please," answered she, nestling back comfortably in her big chair and watching him pour the amber-colored liquid into the tiny shell affairs.

"If there is one place more than another," soliloquized she, evidently highly amused, and thoroughly comfortable, "where a man wears a particularly easy and at-home sort of air, it's over a tea-pot."

"Your remark, Nan," replied Mr. Telfair, slowly, as he dropped a bit of lemon into his cup, "while plainly not intended as complimentary, does infinite credit to your perceptive faculties. Indeed, I don't mind telling you that the same idea has occurred to me so forcibly of late, that I have determined to install somebody else over mine."

"You mean?" cried Miss Trumble, sitting up in delighted expectancy.

"Quite so," replied he, sipping his tea and watching her over the top of his cup—"that I'm on matrimony bent."

"And you have come to tell me about it," she exclaimed, deeply interested. "How very nice of you! Well, I always insisted you would do something clever yet. Begin immediately, please. Of course I know her?"

"Well, really," he said, with his odd laugh, "I don't think you do, altogether. I am painfully conscious of the slightness of my own acquaintance with her. Yet I'm absurdly in love with her. She seems so pure and good. Do you know—it sounds foolish, but I can't help saying it—whenever I see her face, and heaven knows when I don't see it, it always appears to me surrounded by a beautiful halo of kindness and candor and sincerity. Still, when I come to tell you about it, I find it much more difficult than I should have supposed. Do you fancy I shall have even a harder task to make her understand? You see, I haven't told her everything yet. Do you fancy, Nan," he went on, putting down his cup and bending toward her, while his kind face was so earnest and lit up with such honest sentiment that it looked almost handsome, "if, after talking to her just as I have been talking to you, I should take her hand, just as I am taking your hand, and should look into her face, just as I am looking into your face, and should say, after what I had said—Nan, I love you! would you understand?" He bent still closer to her, he pressed her hand, and gazed eagerly into her face.

But Miss Trumble's countenance depicted anything but love's young dream. She looked surprised, pained, and just a little vexed. She perceived that this young man had entrapped her; and she didn't like being entrapped. So she drew away her hand kindly but firmly.

"I'm very sorry," she said; "you really mustn't go on. Of course I had no idea what you meant—you will admit that was partly your own fault. And I might continue to misunderstand you, but that would be beneath us both. So, honestly," she said, looking him straight in the eye, as a man might, "I believe you do love me, George, and I'm more sorry than I can tell you, for I don't love you, in that way, and although it sounds horrid to say, I know I never could. You don't think me hard, do you? It is surely best to speak."

He had looked just a little hopeless for a second, and when she drew away her hand he caught his breath between his set teeth, but before she finished he was himself again, smiling and debonair as usual. "My dear, Nan," he said, airily, "don't distress yourself. There is nothing in the world that could really give me pain except to see you annoyed. Besides, it doesn't make any difference, you know."

"Well, I'm very glad you take it so sensibly," replied Miss Trumble, very much amazed.

"No," he replied, quietly, "I beg you won't misunderstand me; I was naturally not surprised, because I was not conceited enough to imagine you would engage yourself to me. When I said it made no difference I meant that it made no difference in our relative attitudes, that was all. I love you because I believe you to be the best and loveliest girl I know, and so long as I continue to believe that I shall continue to love you, and to consider myself yours. That is why I came to-day. I felt it was due to us both. You have ended your part of it; mine I alone can end, by ceasing to care for you. Ceasing to care for you? Good heavens! you couldn't make me do that, you know."

"And do you suppose?" cried she, very much provoked, "that I'm going to accept such a responsibility over any man? I tell you I won't. I deny your right to put it upon me."

"My dear Nan," said he, soothingly, "it won't hurt you. I'm not going to take poison. In

fact, I shall endeavor to be as comfortable as circumstances will permit. Moreover, I'm certainly not going to bore you with what I know, of course, is tiresome to you, to-day, or any other day, for that matter. I merely wished you to understand me. Well, good-bye," and he took up his hat and bowed himself out, with positively the final word, as Miss Trumble indignantly reflected when she came to think over the interview some time afterward.

The fact is, she was too bewildered at first to have any ideas whatever. Her sensations were mixed; she felt she ought to be angry, but the absurdity of the situation struck her so forcibly that for the life of her she couldn't help laughing. Still, it was no laughing matter. Indeed, the more she thought about it (and in the next few days she thought about it much oftener than she would have cared to admit) the more she was aware that it was awfully serious. For in spite of his apparent delicacy there had been a quiet determination about him which impressed her very unpleasantly. She wasn't in the least afraid of him, feeling quite equal to an intellectual combat with him or any other member of the human family who wore trousers; the difficulty was that in this case there was nothing to combat. She couldn't even assume an air of injured confidence, for he certainly had a perfect right to ask her to marry him, as, judge it by the severest code of social ethics, he would have been considered an eligible *parti*. She couldn't exactly fathom his scheme, but she perceived that there was a scheme, and it occurred to her that its opening chapter had shown a great deal of cleverness. So that, while it would have afforded her the most intense gratification to box his ears, she for the first time in her life really admired him.

Mr. Telfair, on the contrary, was filled with the pleasing consciousness that if he had received a check he had at least retired from the enemy in good order and with flying colors. He was certainly very much disappointed, for in spite of his philosophizing he had indulged in the sweet hope that she cared for him, and it was after all rather hard that he couldn't win the girl he loved like other fellows. Still, he was at least this much better off than the other fellows—Miss Trumble's reply would have been the end of their romance; it was the beginning of his.

"I hope I wasn't brutal with her," he thought, "but it was necessary to preserve her respect or I should have been lost. She'll certainly hate me, but I don't think she'll forget me."

Indeed, he had flattered himself that she would think about him a good deal, and that in the mental catalogue which she had made of those people who came nearest to her his name would occupy a conspicuous place.

Now, if there were any one else, of course all this would be quite useless; but pshaw! there wasn't anybody else—he knew there was nobody else; he didn't care twopence whether there was anybody else or not. And to prove it he threw his cigarette into the fire and went off to a dance where he knew she would be, to find out. She had not arrived when he entered, so he sat and talked to what he would have called merely a female link in the chain of species, and waited. And presently there was a stir about the door, and he heard a little laugh, and looked up and saw her standing there, smiling and fresh and pretty; and somehow the room seemed brighter to him all at once, and the company more agreeable, and the evening pleasanter, and he had an absurd, comfortable, happy sort of feeling that he was no longer alone.

"How do you do!" he cried, genially, coming straight up to her as soon as he was at liberty. "The dance is a success—the champagne-cup is a dream. Let's go and get some."

"If you haven't had enough," said she, dryly. She knew she had colored when she saw him coming, and, supposing that he also had perceived it, hated him proportionately. Still, she considered it beneath her dignity to be rude to him, and besides, she realized he would be a difficult person to snub. There was balm in the consciousness that she wasn't afraid of him. She lingered for a moment after putting down her glass, toying idly with a bunch of roses in a great bowl.

"I'm tired," she said, prettily, looking at him over her shoulder.

He shot a shrewd look at her. Did she really wish to talk to him?

"Have some more cup," suggested he, practically. "Nothing like champagne when you are done up."

"That isn't clever," said she. "Anybody might have said it. If you mean that you are engaged for this dance don't let me keep you."

"Well, I certainly did not mean that I like conservatories," he replied, "and the smell of flowers always makes me ill; but I think I see a couple of big chairs just back of those palms,

where we can malign our acquaintances with comparative safety."

"You are incorrigible," said she with a laugh.

"No," he returned; "I'm reflective."

"Is that a reflection?"

"Not on you. On the density of my own perceptions, if you like."

"That is very absurd," replied she, taking up the rose she had carried with her and pulling off the leaves one by one. "Don't you know a riddle ceases to be amusing the moment one knows the answer?"

"The Sphinx was the only unsolvable riddle," he said, fixing his eyes upon her face, "and she was a woman."

"And so soon as Oedipus guessed it," answered she, glancing up from the rose, "he let her kill herself."

"(Edipus was a savage," he returned. "The world has grown kinder since then."

"Very likely," replied she. "I sha'n't argue it out with you; I prefer to listen to the music. Do you mind?"

"Beautifully," he responded, promptly; "but this time I won't. Not at all."

Indeed, he rather preferred to have her sit beside him silent, for when she was silent she seemed really nearer to him than when she talked, and he could make little pictures about her to himself which pleased him immensely. Then, he was very much amused. Why in the world had she invited him to a *tête-à-tête* and then ordered him to be silent? He knew she was a young person of large resource, and believed that charming pose, with the sweet, clear profile and the round, gloved arm, and the soft sweep of her gown, wasn't altogether unconscious. Did she suppose he would be absurd enough to beg her pardon, or was she testing his repression? He crossed his legs and waited very coolly for what was coming.

But if Miss Trumble had any designs on his peace of mind she evidently determined not to take the initiative, for turning to him presently she remarked, half stifling a yawn with the tip of her fan,

"As we have finished our nap I don't think this corner can do anything more for us. Suppose you ask me to dance."

"My dear Nan," he replied, moving aside her chair, "what suffering wouldn't I undergo to give you a moment's pleasure?"

"And yet you say there are no more savages," says she, making him a courtesy. "What a *preux chevalier*! No, I don't think I care about dancing; there is too much of a crush. You may take me back, if you please."

"After which," returned he, "I suppose I am to make your ladyship my very best bow and wish you a pleasant evening. Good-night, then; I efface myself; I retire." And he made her a profound salaam and walked off, nor did he speak to her again that night. But just as he was standing in the hall ready to go a hand was laid lightly on his arm, and a kind voice said,

"Won't you see me to my carriage, George? And you will come and see us soon, will you not? You know I am always *out* on Thursday."

"How frank and considerate she is!" thought Telfair, as he walked down Fifth Avenue. "Ought I to be ashamed, I wonder, to practice on such sincerity? Please heaven, if I do choose to win her in my own way I'll be truthful and honest always, and show her as well as I can what manner of man I am."

And, indeed, in the next few weeks he pursued her with infinite tact and good humor.

"I may be her slave as well as the rest," he used to say to himself with much disdain, watching the young men clustering about her; "but at least I don't wear her collar round my neck and call in the world to look at it."

He never made her a compliment which he might not with equal propriety have paid to her grandmother, and if he enveigled her into a corner it was to tell her a funny story. When she was pleased he would sit by her side rattling away in his usual lively fashion, and when she was cross he would give her as good as she sent, and go away laughing. So that he soon made her comprehend that, no matter how it might be with the others, with him, at least, she was safe from further annoyance, and that the desire of his life now was to be *bon camarade*.

But although she was perfectly cordial he perceived that her old freedom with him had vanished, and one evening, after he had been dining there quietly and they were sitting before the fire in the library, where as an intimate she allowed him a cigarette, he spoke to her about it.

"I'm very sorry, Nan," he said, "that a foolish little speech I made you once, and which I assure you I deeply regret if it caused you pain,

"Well, I certainly did not mean that I like conservatories," he replied, "and the smell of flowers always makes me ill; but I think I see a couple of big chairs just back of those palms,

She startled a little.

"I'm sure I hope we shall always be that, George," said she with rather a queer look on her face.

And whenever he caught her eye that night (he happened to be going to the opera with them) he noticed that same look there, as though she were watching him and studying him, and he was so concerned by it that he immediately made her a funny speech for the pleasure of seeing her laugh.

"Hush!" says she, holding up her finger and trying not to smile. "Don't you see they are burying poor Brunhilde? You shouldn't crack jokes at a funeral."

"Pouf!" returned he, airily. "I'd rather hear you laugh than see a dozen funerals."

She looked kindly at him over her shoulder; the frank, manly face bending toward her seemed so full of real friendship that she was infinitely touched and pleased.

"I believe you would, George," she said, softly.

And he felt just then that he was very near to her, and couldn't help being rather pleased at the self-control he had been able to exercise, and at the success which had so far crowned his efforts. For by his declaration he had succeeded in making her regard him seriously, if not sentimentally, and then, by his remarks this evening, in quieting her sense of encounter and in putting her perfectly at her ease with him, by giving her delicately to understand that while he was still entirely his own master, and free to go down upon his knees to her if he chose, he was very much obliged to her for preferring a respectable courtesy. As for her forgetting that he had ever assumed such an attitude, he knew women too well to suppose that after he had once torn aside the conventionalities of life, put himself face to face with her heart, she could ever regard him again quite as she regarded other men. Having, then, placed himself in a position where he could advance almost as far as he liked, and yet retire should the occasion require it, he began his march, courageous still and light-hearted; and if there was no flourishing of trumpets to cheer him on he was pleased to fancy that he could hear the sweet music of wedding-bells sounding far away.

Miss Trumble, on her part, was, perhaps, secretly flattered that she had been able to establish such a secure friendship with a man, knowing that as a rule such things only come to women of maturer years. She certainly allowed him, from that time, to see almost as much of her as he wished, and took him into her confidence to a degree that somewhat surprised him. So that while he was too tender of her interest and happiness to pay her any of those attentions which are termed, I believe, serious, he contrived to spend a good deal of time in her drawing-room, and to take her for many a long walk in the bright, crisp winter afternoons. Tender dreams would come to him then, of longer walks they would take together: strolling about the sunny streets of lazy, happy Florence, idling on the Ponte Vecchio, floating slowly down the Grand Canal at Venice, climbing the heather-scented sides of Ben Lomond, pacing along the white beach by the blue Mediterranean, under the hot sun at Cairo—where didn't his fond fancy carry them—or what flights of folly wasn't he guilty of?

But they were not always silent, for Telfair's manner invited confidences, and she found herself sometimes expressing herself to him with a freedom which surprised and yet pleased her. While he, who behind his humorous mask hid considerable culture and wide knowledge of the world, was intellectually useful to her in many ways, and, without destroying her illusions, threw out hints as to people and things which widened her field of vision, and gave her a power she was quick to appreciate. When once or twice she deferred to his opinion, with a diffidence which sat very sweetly on her, he was so much moved and affected by it that he almost committed the absurdity of calling her an angel.

But although it is, of course, very pleasant to sit in the rich twilight beside a charming woman, having her call you by your first name and talk to you in such a delightfully familiar way, yet if you wish very much to marry the woman the situation is full of peril. And Telfair perceived that his resolution was simply leaking out by bucketfuls, and that he would ruin himself if he didn't bring matters to a climax. He denied himself the pleasure of her society for some little time after this, and when he did appear he talked platitudes very volubly until just as he was preparing to depart, when he said, suddenly,

"Why do you never ask Mrs. Herries here?"

"I will if you wish," she returned, coldly.

"Shall I ask her to dine?"

"Really," replied he, "I'm not quite the

Prince of Wales, and when you are good enough to invite me to dinner I don't expect to scrutinize your list. But I'm sorry you don't like Kate Herries. She is so particularly nice."

"I have heard you were very great friends," said she, distantly. "Very great friends, indeed! Had she heard of anything else for the last fortnight? She couldn't go to an afternoon but she would spy them whispering in a corner, or to a party but she would come across the pair tucked cozily away upon the staircase. She knew that he had given her at least two theatre parties, and she was certain it was he who bid in her box for the horse show. Why, there wasn't a person came into her drawing-room who hadn't some story to tell about the pretty widow's latest conquest. Once she had actually seen him diving into a house-furnishing shop. How could he find time to talk to her, or take her for walks any more, when he was dancing attendance on that woman? That siren, who practiced her wiles on bachelors and married men alike, and lured them away from their wives and sweethearts.

"I'm especially sorry you don't like her," persisted he, "because I know she is immensely fond of you."

They were sitting before the fire in a charming half-light.

"Is it really serious, George?" she asked, looking at him.

"Perfectly," replied he, quietly. "I assure you I never was more in love in my life."

She sat silent for a moment, shading her face with a small hand-screen, while he watched the rich coloring of her neck and profile. Then she said, uncertainly, but with a delicate confidence in him which he thought delightful,

"Are you quite sure? Forgive me for saying it, but you have been so kind—almost like a brother to me; and I feel I can say things to you that I couldn't to others. You men think you know all about women, and you know so little."

"My dear Nan," said he, slowly, "I think I know what you mean, and upon my soul I honor and love you for it more than I can say. But you must remember that while New York is a very nice place, it's not heaven, and a man who lives in the world would be a fool to marry an angel. At least," he went on, rising and drawing on his gloves, "you will wish me good luck?"

"I hope you will be very, very happy," she said, holding out her hand to him; and there was a brave smile upon her face, but her eyes looked curious and dark, and as if he had hurt her.

He took her hand, the kind little hand, and pressed it between both his own.

"God bless you!" he cried, with a catch in his voice, "God bless my sister, Nan!"

"She wishes me happiness," he thought, bitterly, "and sends me away to another woman. Well, I'll go away, Nan—but not to her. At least, if I'm hurt *she* shall never know, please God! whose hand dealt that wound, or how it ached. And sometime, perhaps, I may be able to take her hand, as she offers it, and thank heaven for her friendship and respect. But I must get away for a bit—I must get away."

And so saying he got into his bed, poor fellow, and lay tossing there, sad and despairing, hearing the clock on the old white church-steeple tolling the weary hours, and rising to meet the dawn ill and hopeless.

But chancing to go to his club that afternoon, he found nestling in his letter-box, among a collection of bills, cards, invitations and so on, a small note awaiting his leisure, the superscription of which set his hand to trembling like a woman's as he snatched at it and tore it open. It was such a sweet little note that our gentleman read it twice, and then clapped on his hat and sped up Fifth Avenue like a runaway locomotive. And presently he was standing in the familiar drawing-room, clasping her hand once more, listening to her clear voice, and looking into those dear eyes which he loved so well.

"It was like you to come," she said, gratefully. "It was very wrong in me to say what I did yesterday—or to hint things; and I wish to ask your pardon. I dare say I was prejudiced, and I am sure she is all you say. Will you forgive me if I hurt you? Indeed I will try to be her friend, if she will let me, for your sake."

And there was something in the soft, low tones of voice, something in the sweet and sad expression of her pale face, which made him take her hands in his again and draw her beside him.

"Nan," he said, "will you—never mind about Kate Herries, she is nothing to me—will you try to do something very much more, something very much harder, for my sake? You told me, once, you never could care for me as I wished. Will you try now?"

"I'd lead you an awful life, George," whispered she, in a voice that was half a sob.

"I know you'd make me miserable," admitted Mr. Telfair, joyously, "but I'd rather be wretched with you than happy with any one else."

#### THE PARTING.

SHE passed the thorn-trees, whose gaunt shadows tossed

Their sprawling spiders round her; and the breeze, Beneath the ashen moon, was full of frost, And mouthed and mumbled in the sickly trees, Like some starved hag who sees her children freeze.

Dry-eyed she waited by their sycamore. Some stars made misty blotches in the sky, And all the wretched willows on the shore Looked faded as a jaundiced cheek or eye. She felt their pity and could only sigh.

His kiss had ground upon the river rocks. Whistling he came into the shadow made By that dead branch from which the sea-gull mocks The flood. And strong his boyish hands were laid In hers. And she no weakness had betrayed.

Her speech was quiet while his greeting kiss Stung through her hair. She did not dare to lift The knowledge of her anguished eyes to his. When tears smote crystal in her throat. One rift Of heartache, humored, might set all adrift.

Anger and shame were his. She meekly heard, And then the oar-locks sounded, and her brain Remembered he had said no farewell word;

And hard emotion swept her, and again Left her as silent as a carven pain.

She, in the old sad farm-house, wearily Resumed the drudgery of her common lot, Regret remembering. Midst old vices he, Who would have trod on, and somehow did not, The wild flower that had brushed his feet, forgot.

MADISON CAWEIN.

#### THE LAUNCHING OF THE "TEXAS."

We give elsewhere a picture of the launching of the *Texas*, a sister battle-ship to the *Maine*, which occurred on Tuesday, the 28th of June, from the navy yard at Portsmouth, Virginia. It was in every sense a gala day there, and revived in the memories of the old people the glorious occurrences before the war, when the navy yard at that central part of the Atlantic seaboard was the most important in the country.

The keel for this important ship was laid several years ago, and the whole ship was planned in accordance with the designs of modern naval architecture. The length of the *Texas* on the main water line is 350 feet; her draught 24 feet. When she sailed into the water amid the plaudits of a multitude of spectators she was only a hull, unfinished, and with none of the armament that is to make her formidable on the sea. Miss Madge Williams, a portrait of whom is printed in this paper, broke a bottle of wine on her prow and christened her *Texas*. This was most fitting, as Miss Williams came all the way from the Lone Star State to perform this duty, and she is a niece of Sam Houston, the great champion of Texan independence, and the first Senator of the United States after Texas's admission to the Union. She was selected for the service from a list of some fifty-four contestants by an overwhelming majority vote.

For the occasion a special train filled with Texans came from far-away Galveston, and these spectators mingled their enthusiasm with that of the Virginians present. The Secretary of the Navy and other high officials were also present, and the city authorities of Norfolk and Portsmouth witnessed the ceremony. The navy was represented by the cruiser *Newark*, the dispatch-boat *Dolphin*, and the receiving-ship *Franklin*.

The *Texas* when she is completed will be manned by 460 officers and men. She will have a battery of six 8-inch breech-loading rifles, twelve 4-inch rapid-fire guns, four 6 pounder rapid-fire guns, four 3-pounder rapid-fire guns, four 1-pounder rapid-fire guns, four 37 millimeter revolver cannon, four rifle calibre machine guns, and six launching-tubes for torpedoes.

The minimum speed of the *Texas* will be twenty knots, and her coal capacity 1,150 tons. The barbette turrets to the forward and aft of the eight inch guns will have a thickness of ten inches with shields of seven inches. The shields protecting the four-inch guns will be four inches thick. The conning tower is seven and one-half inches thick. When the boilers are put in there will be six of them; there will be four engines of triple expansion. Two on each shaft and in two compartments. There will be twin screws. The hull is of steel, not sheathed but with a double bottom.

There will be two military masts with fighting tops but carrying no sail. The protection of the hull is effected by means of a steel deck worked from stem to stern and supported by heavy beams. The edges of this deck amidship

are five feet below the water at the centre of the vessel. The armor is six inches thick on the slopes of the deck over the machinery and the boilers. The horizontal portions are three inches in thickness. Forward and abaft the machinery and boilers to stem and stern the deck is to be thinner than any other part; only two and one-half inches in thickness. Protection of the hull against injury to the water-line is afforded by an armor belt five inches thick. Within this armor belt and skin plating there is a belt of three feet six inches of woodite (or other water-excluding material) and this extends the whole length of the vessel in depth from the armor deck to the berth deck.

The *Texas* is to be fitted as a flag-ship, with admiral's quarters, and will be the newest and probably the best ship in that new navy upon which American hopes must depend in case we should unfortunately get into any foreign entanglement.

#### HOUSE-TOP PARTIES.

LAST summer roof gardens and house-top parties were "all the go" in New York. It is curious how the idea traveled. Some person would enjoy taking tea on the roof for the first time. The experience was so novel and so delightful that he or she told it, confidentially of course, to some friend, who, after trying it, told somebody else, and so the "secret" was passed around. What was an experiment last season is likely to become the fashion this summer.

Two years ago a family on Fifty-ninth Street converted their barren roof into a garden of bloom and blossom. Along the edge of the house-top was arranged a double row of boxes, each one filled with growing plants. There were scarlet geraniums, verbena, petunias, marigolds, and blossoming lobelias. One corner of the roof had a loof of tropical luxuriance. It was one mass of green, banked on either side by tall palms, dracaenas, and other tropical plants in tubs. Morning glories and scarlet beans climbed over an arbor made of heavy wire. Altogether it was a place pleasant to the eye, and the nostrils were tickled with the stealing perfumes.

The tin roof was covered with Spanish matting, while here and there were scattered fine rugs. A pretty Japanese screen shut off the entrance to a tent, inside of which were stowed away crockery, tinware, and cooking utensils. Thus screened from view, the mistress of the household brewed tea on an alcohol stove. A hammock was slung from the chimney to a post. Tables and chairs had been brought from the rooms below. And so the roof was a garden, kitchen, dining and drawing-room.

This is the place to which my friend invited me to take tea one evening last summer. "I shall expect you at eight o'clock sharp," he said.

Promptly at the appointed hour I pressed the button that brought the white-aproned maid to the door. "You will find Mr. S. on the roof," she replied to our interrogatory. "He told me to tell you to walk right up." Slightly wondering, we mounted one, two, three flights of stairs, and then a steep pair that led to the roof.

Once on the house-top we found a scene of domestic felicity. There our genial friend looked the picture of comfort, stretched out in a hammock. Near by his mate rocked gently in a big arm-chair. Two children were making riot and enjoying themselves to the full.

After the first greetings were exchanged we fell to discussing the house-top as a place for the thousands who are "left in town" over the summer. "Where," said my host, "where can you find a cooler location on hot nights than on the roof. Here you catch every breeze that blows, and here you may drink in the ozone fresh from having flown over the ocean. The thousands that are obliged to stay and shelter in the city during July and August should spend their nights on the house-tops. In truth, New-Yorkers miss a grand opportunity when they fail to enjoy their roofs during the warm weather."

And now a few guests began to put in appearance. The children were marched off to bed by the tyrannical maid. "If you will excuse me I can have tea ready in a few minutes," said the hostess, and with that she disappeared behind the screen. The servant arranged the table and chairs. A tall piano lamp was drawn up and shed a mellow light.

The novelty of the affair really made the viands appetizing. And a jolly little tea-party on the roof it was. The talk was so seasoned with attic salt as to be fairly fascinating. Later on there was instrumental music, accompanied by voices, which rang out strong and clear in the night air. Then "good-night" was said to

host and hostess, who had planned so charming an entertainment.

L. J. VANCO.

#### IN FASHION'S GLASS.

THIS is the summer of belts and girdles, and every costume, from cotton to silk, is enhanced by a cincture of some sort. In Paris, where such details are studied with the finest care, there are to be found girdles of delicate gold filigree studded with jewels, the ends being finished off with gold fringe, and even old-fashioned miniatures are utilized with pretty effect for buckles and clasps. These girdles look particularly well with a tea-gown or classic evening dress. Even blouses, as pretty as they may be, need an attractive waistband to give them an air of distinction. A girdle for an elaborate costume is made with a band of black pearls and jet, with a fringe to match from the lower edge, which deepens toward the centre front. A collar is made to correspond, and this style is known as the "Juanita."

A very pretty and fashionable bodice garniture is the "Sylva," which is illustrated. It is made of écrù lace, hand-run with gold thread, and is nicely adapted for dresses of fine wool, cotton or beige linen. The garniture embodies a girdle with braces over the shoulders. Another pretty garniture for the corsage is also illustrated, and may be made of any colored gauze or chiffon. It is formed into a graceful coquille at the top, while below is a finish of Irish point lace, and a knot of satin ribbon completes the decoration.

Perhaps the most favored sleeve is that with a tight cuff and full puff above, but there are other shapes which command a certain amount of popularity. One is the sleeve which sets tightly to the lower part of the arm and widens toward the top. It is somewhat upon the button-leg order, but the fullness at the top is brought up from the front and back in fine pleats which meet at the centre of the shoulder, and thus give a drapery effect which is exceedingly pretty. In many of the soft, dainty summer fabrics, such as flowered muslins or crêpes, the material is caught up above and below the elbow with pretty ribbons, and finished with a flounce of lace which falls over the hand.

It is rumored that hand-painted gowns are to become the rage, but I much doubt if it will become anything more tangible than a rumor. Thin fabrics, such as muslins and crêpes lend themselves effectively to this kind of ornamentation, but the work must be done with the greatest artistic care to be a success, and a fine muslin, hand-painted with moss-buds and forget-me-nots, becomes a thing of beauty as well as of extravagance.

One of the most simple and elegant hats I have seen this season was one of dun-colored chip with a wide, wavy brim and a high crown. The latter was tied with two bands of black satin ribbon, fastening in front in small rosettes. Through these was thrust a most natural-looking thorny branch of pink and red roses and foliage, which stood erect against the crown. Chip hats are produced this year in all colors, and rather an extraordinary one is in pink chip, tied with black satin ribbon, and trimmed with bunches of yellow mimosa and blue forget-me-nots. Another tasteful hat is in green chip, with bands of mauve and green velvet, and a cluster of the violet iris. A hat of black chip has an almost flat crown, round which is tied a band of green velvet ribbon, with upright bows in front, and from the back comes a huge bunch of pink phlox. A white chip hat has a crown of white amour straw, tied with a band of green velvet ribbon, and in the front of this is an exquisite bunch of mauve and yellow pansies and mimosa. A large hat of leghorn, which is caught up here and there in a most graceful manner, has a scarf of yellow chiffon and a long wreath of clover and grasses and leaves. An effective little bonnet of cardinal chip has a crown of fine-cut jet, with an edge of jet around the brim. In the front is a butterfly bow of lace, and a bunch of the most natural-looking cherries with blossoms stands up at the back. So one could go on and on enumerating the many beauties of the season's millinery, distinguished by a simplicity of detail and an artistic blending of color.

ELLA STARR.



CORSAGE GARNITURE.

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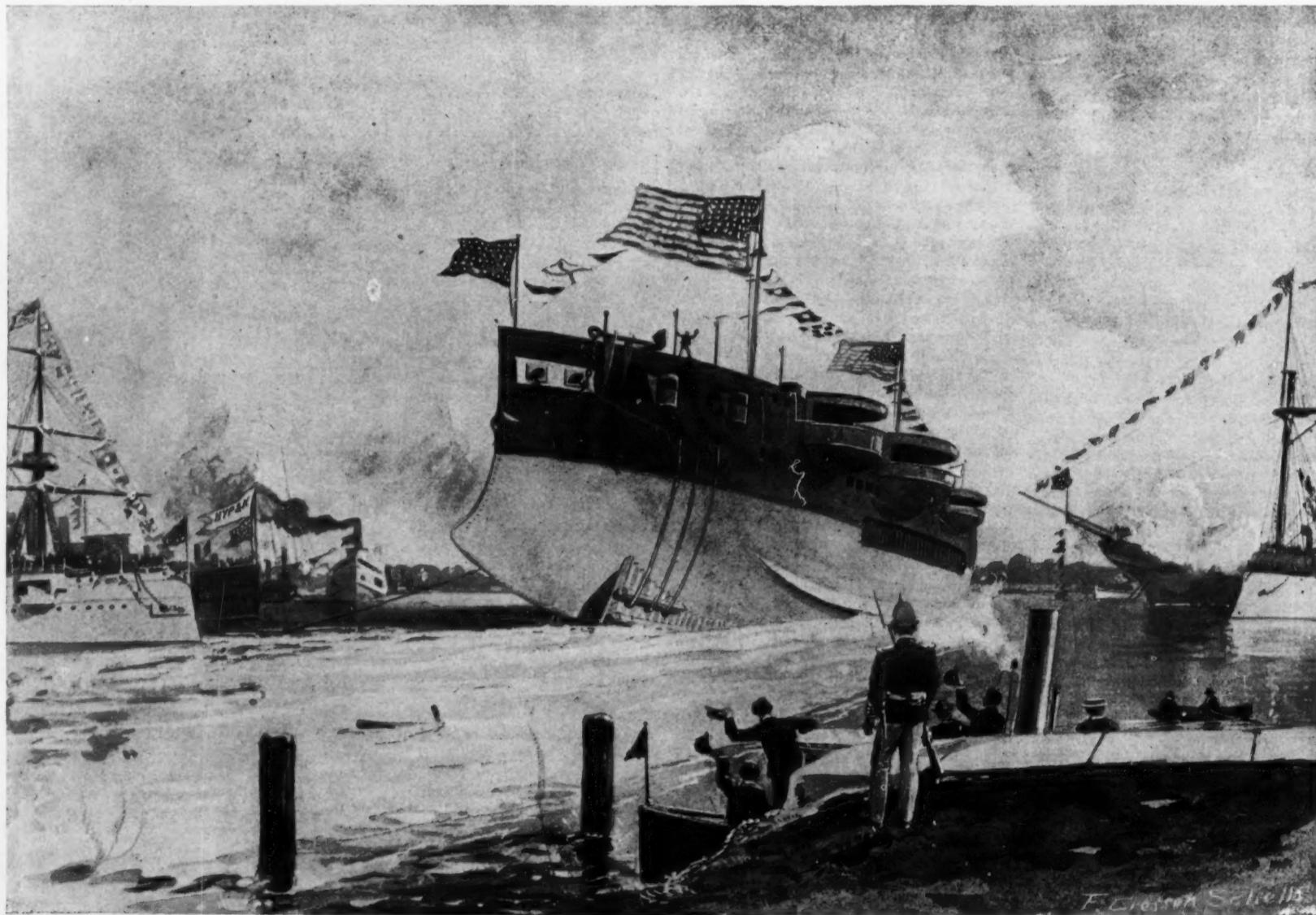
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MISS MADGE HOUSTON WILLIAMS, OF TEXAS, SELECTED BY POPULAR VOTE TO CHRISTEN THE UNITED STATES CRUISER NAMED AFTER THAT STATE.



HON. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, MANAGER OF THE CLEVELAND FORCES IN THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION.



THE NEW NAVY—LAUNCH OF THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "TEXAS," MATE OF THE "MAINE," AT PORTSMOUTH, VA., JUNE 28TH.  
DRAWN BY F. C. SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 23.]



HUMORS OF THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION AT CHICAGO.—FROM DRAWINGS ON THE SPOT BY "ZIM."

## A SUMMER IDYL.

By LEE C. HARBY.

WHEN the days are long and the summer sun blazes in the heavens, when the little zephyrs which rustle the vine leaves and set the shadows dancing are warm from their passage over the hot earth, a woman yearns for idleness and the restful freedom of some cool, foret retreat. Here her will may rest dormant and her energy be laid aside. Her mind, ceasing to create, expands to new influences and becomes receptive and retentive. She luxuriates in doing nothing, while the season's lazy repose effaces the last vestige of wear that has been left by the round of winter's duties. Her complexion grows smooth and softens beneath its shade of summer tan; her cheeks round and dimple; her throat fills in all its curves, and is delicious with its two baby creases—"the necklace of Venus"; her eyes grow soft and beautiful, losing their eager, watchful look; they are languid and dreamy, with the depths of the summer skies in them and the subdued brightness of the glorious summer moon. She lives on fruits, bread, and sweet rich cream, and her breath is as fragrant as that of the flowers, her lips as rosy as the berries, and she herself as fair to look upon as any blossom nourished by summer's sun and rain.

The woman who works in July outrages the wise provisions of nature and casts from her the boon of beauty. Yet there are those who with no need of toil still wear themselves away in hard labor—the ceaseless grind of fashion's mills. They seemingly know not the beautifying balm which awaits them in the isolated quiet of mountains, woods or seashore, but, wedded to their idols, hug to their bosoms their gods of dress and society, refusing to go where they are not worshiped. For such as these the summer has no rich, fructifying influence; scorning Nature, they receive no gifts from her hands—the glare of the gaslight is not in harmony with drops of dew—night's tears—lying on rose-leaves pale from love of the glorious day.

Once a woman, wan and worn with the bustle and toil of a great city, weak and fragile from excess of striving, sorrowful exceedingly from a love that had not won return nor recognition, went out into the thick woods to seek, at least, forgetfulness. One, the friend who led her there, saw how her cheek had grown pale and sunken, her eyes eager with watchfulness, the brow drawn from disappointment, the lips set with determination to suffer and make no sign. He saw the gentle nature hardening, the woman growing unlovely in look and thought—the deferring of her happiness making that happiness yet more difficult to attain. So, being one of the wise men of earth, and knowing that rest in forest depths, idleness, and summer breezes would mean peace from thought and longing, while nature's ministrations would bring beauty to mind and face, he took her there, and, swinging her hammock beneath the trees, said goodbye and left her.

The woods bordered upon a lake; the lake stretched between the forest and the mountains. Here hung the hammock, where the tall trees swayed and bent and sung their ancient songs; where the waters laughed and leaped, calling to the jasmine flowers which drooped above them to come and be rocked to sleep in the cradle of their ripples. And the little breezes came out of the mountain-tops, sweeping down to the lake, curling its waters into waves and shaking the blossoms into their embrace—where they danced and floated merrily, until at last they sank to slumber down in the crystal depths. The clouds kissed the mountains and sunshine and shadow played gayly across their hoary sides, while the birds sat in the cedars at their base whistling love-notes strong and clear, till the music of their carols passed across the lake and taught the true beauty of melody to the woman's weary heart.

In a clearing midway through the wood nestled the rough, white cottage where the woman ate her brown bread and golden butter, her crisp green cress and fresh-laid eggs, her crimson berries and rich, sweet cream. Here she slept in a room fragrant with balsamic odors of fir and pine—where she could see the stars twinkling at her through the unshuttered casement, and the katy-did and cricket sung her nightly to sleep. The people who tended to her wants were old and withered, brown and hardy as the gnarled root of a tree. They were as silent and comforting as Nature's self—a part of the summer picture, as was the sleek dun cow with great soft eyes, standing knee-deep in clover.

All day the woman rambled in the woods or strayed along the lakeside or lay in her hammock, swinging lazily, with an unread book held lightly to her breast. The little red squir-

rels peered down curiously at her; the woodpeckers and jays gossiped about her, but the brown thrushes sung for her ears the sweetest of their songs. The dragon-flies in brilliant armor flashed in the sunshine about her head, and the butterflies poised near, stopping on their way to the jasmine flowers, that she might see how beautiful they were. The mountains across the lake sent their coolest breezes to invigorate her, and the soft splash of the waters on the shore lulled her into drowsiness. While she slept the sunshine played over her and crept into her veins, flushing her cheeks with color, making her lips rosy red, and adding a glint of gold to the bronze love-locks of her hair. And day by day, as she rested and slept and dreamed, growing more beautiful in face and form and soul, a little boat sailed out from the shadow of the mountain, up and down the lake—now hovering near the wood, now speeding afar. Sometimes the woman watched its graceful course, wondering whose hand guided it, and why it never came quite across the water lying between mountain and forest. Then something of the old pain would stir in her heart as memory beset her with that for which she had longed but did not gain. But little by little the bitterness of it wore away and only the tenderness remained, waking her being into rare sympathy with all living things. Thus it was that the spirit of nature entered her soul, and she learned wisdom from all its creatures, animate and inanimate. The fleecy, floating clouds, the blue arch of the immeasurable heavens, the majestic height and grandeur of the mountains, led her thoughts upward and outward to a broad comprehensiveness. She threw off the shackles of narrow city life and saw men and their deeds with a mind that grasped the meaning of their necessities and desires. Small things fell from her as a garment cast aside, and the greatness of eternal truths possessed her understanding. From insect, bird, and flower she learned lessons of patience, love, and beauty. Color, form, and melody surrounded her; the sunshine flashing on the lake, the green, cool masses of forest foliage, taught her light and shadow, and everywhere, in darting bird and dancing blossom and quivering leaves, was the very poetry of motion.

So her soul grew, and with it the beauty of her face; her cheeks became round and dimpled, her eyes clear and brilliant as the stars; the shadows left her brow; her lips lost their cold, hard lines and learned to smile; beneath the clear tan of her skin the blood glowed red and coursed healthfully.

The days passed on and summer time was almost done. One noon the woman slept, swinging in the hammock beneath the trees. Slumber had come to her as she watched the white-sailed boat skim up and down the blue waters. Nearer and yet nearer it came, but her eyes were sealed in sleep, and she knew it not. Again it sped away, but turned and tacked and sailed at length quite across the breadth of lake, casting its anchor at the forest's edge—resting there like some great white bird tangled in the greenery. Then he who had guided its course left it and strayed away somewhat beneath the trees.

The brown thrushes sang sweet and loud, but the sleeper did not awake. A golden flinch swung on a branch near by, whistling sharp and clear, but she stirred not. A great spotted butterfly hovered over her head, faunling her with its wings, but still she slept; and the man drew ever nearer, until at last he too was by the hammock, gazing at her wonderingly, for he had no thought of seeing her here. She had been a part of the toiling city life, of the noise and rush and absence of beauty and freedom; she had been only a piece of the machinery which belonged to the great manufactory of a day. But here and now it seemed wonderful to find her. He gazed at her, sleeping there, noting the color, the softness, the beauty, the glint of gold in her hair, the full round throat, the slightly-parted rosy lips; she seemed the soul of that free, beautiful nature with which he had lived all summer, and, living, learned to comprehend and love.

Though neither bird nor butterfly could awake her, the woman felt and answered the magnetism of the masterful human eye. She stirred and stretched her rounded arms above her head, waking slowly, as a child does, rosy and dewy from sleep. Then, seeing who stood there, bending slightly forward, her eyes opened wide, and all the glad surprise of the meeting flashed into her face. The sweet wonder of his presence thrilled her, and he who had not dreamed that love could live in the worn and wearied city woman's heart, saw something of its beauty in

the blush and smile and eyes of her who in these woods had been born again.

All day the white-sailed boat rocked and danced and fluttered her wide wings in the little cove at the edge of the forest; but when the sun had set and the sky was rosy with blushes from his last kiss, the boat sped back across the lake, and the woman, with a tender smile upon her lips, turned to the little cottage in the clearing. Long did she watch the stars through the narrow, shutterless casement, until soothed by insects' chirp and balsamic fragrance of fir, slumber came to her, sweet and sound, and with it dreams of infinite love and peace and joy.

The jays told the story to the kingfisher and he whispered it to the lake, who spoke of it again as it beat upon the foot of the mountains. The singing birds and trees, the butterflies and jasmine flowers, had watched it from the first; so all of nature which knew and loved her were aware of this wonderful thing which had come to the woman. And each morning the mountain sent forth a breeze to fill the sails of the boat and bear it across the lake; and each evening the great trees tossed their branches and bent and waved until a wind sprang out and wafted it back again to its distant harbor. Where the two sat the flowers grew more brilliant and their fragrance filled the air. The thrushes sang more sweetly their songs of love, and the butterflies met and kissed and flew in pairs to draw the honey from the odorous jasmine flowers. And the man and woman gazed into each other's eyes and laughed and talked—forgetting the old hard and narrow life, while learning to know each other strangely well in this free, broad intercourse within God's great cathedral of forest aisles, echoing with wind-swept organ tones.

And the last day came. Never was sun more golden nor shade so green. The waters flushed and sparkled, throwing the spray high into the air. The mountains had drawn a scarf of lace about their hoary shoulders, and the breezes came back and forth carrying messages of good will from peak to forest. Over in the celars the birds caroled gayly, and where the hammock swung, twin butterflies alighted with quivering azure wings. The trees drooped lovingly above the two standing beneath their branches; the grasses caressed their feet and the jasmine flowers sent out their sweetest fragrance in a loving farewell. The woman threw herself down into the grass and kissed the earth.

"Oh, Mother Nature!" she cried, "thou hast given me health and beauty and love; keep me forever as pure and true as thou!"

Then the man raised her, and plucking a blossom from the spot she had kissed, he pressed it to his heart. Clasping her hand in his, they turned and passed out of the wood, back to the world, to lead a new life together—a life for which they had been purified, strengthened, instructed out of God's own book.

## THE PEARY RELIEF EXPEDITION.

No Arctic exploring expedition was ever started out without its concomitant of a relief expedition. Therefore that under the command of Lieutenant Robert E. Peary, U. S. N., which was sent out by the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, June, 1891, is now about to be "rescued" by another expedition sailing on the "Glorious Fourth" from St. John's, Newfoundland. The original object of the expedition was to explore the north and northwest coast of Greenland from the land side. The expedition sailed June 6th, 1891, from Brooklyn, on the Arctic whaler *Kite*, Captain Richard Pike commander. Shortly after reaching Greenland Lieutenant Peary had the misfortune to break his leg, and this unforeseen calamity very naturally entirely suspended operations. Accompanying the first expedition was another, also sent out by the Philadelphia Academy, composed of Professor Angelo Heilfrin, Professor G. F. Holt, Dr. Benjamin Sharp, Dr. William E. Hughes, Dr. Robert N. Keely, Dr. William H. Burk, Frayer Ashurst, Levi P. Mengel, and Alexander C. Kenealy. This "subdivision" was called the West Greenland Expedition, and having left Peary safely housed at McCormick Bay, Murchison Sound, July 29th, 1891, sailed direct for St. John's, Newfoundland, reaching there August 23d last. They subsequently returned home in September following, with an immense collection of Arctic curiosities of great scientific value.

The present expedition, again headed by Professor Heilfrin, will sail on the steamship *Miranda* for St. John's, whence they will sail on the *Kite* for the north waters. This "rescue party" is composed of the following gentlemen, with Professor Heilfrin as chief commander:

Henry G. Bryant, second in command; Dr. Jackson M. Mills, New York, surgeon; William E. Meehan, Pennsylvania, botanist; C. E. Hite, Burlington, New Jersey, taxidermist; E. W. Stokes, artist; Albert W. Vorse, Pennsylvania; and Samuel J. Eutrich, West Chester, Pennsylvania. Of these Mr. Meehan is an associate editor of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, and Mr. Vorse is the exchange editor of the Philadelphia *Press*.

In order that the enterprise may be under good control each member was requested, before sailing, to sign certain articles regulating his actions during the journey. Among those articles are, first, an agreement of obedience to Professor Heilfrin, and, in event of certain emergencies arising, to a member of the expedition who has been selected; second, that everything collected, whether curiosities, articles representing the various phases of Esquimaux life, or others for scientific study, shall be turned over without reserve to the Academy of Natural Sciences, and that each person shall make all the individual effort possible to discover and collect such curiosities; third, that no member shall publish any scientific discovery which may be made until after the same has been recorded in the proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences; and fourth, that no member shall write anything, directly or indirectly, of the expedition for publication in any newspaper or magazine from the date of sailing until five day after the return of the expedition to St. John's, without the permission of the leader, and then only after the manuscript has been submitted to him for revision.

As it is always possible for a relief expedition to get caught in the ice, this one has prepared for such an event, and numerous presents of canned goods and meats, preserved fruits, chocolates, candies and delicacies were received, in case Professor Heilfrin and his fellow-members of the expedition should be obliged to remain until next summer in close proximity to the North Pole, where such delicacies as above enumerated will serve to remind the explorers of all they left behind them.

The *Kite* has been chartered for three months, and if, as is expected, Peary and his party are found safe and well on the shores of McCormick Bay, the time which would otherwise necessarily have been employed in searching for them will be devoted to scientific exploration and in making collections for the academy. To accomplish this with the best results the members of the expedition will probably be divided into two parties, one to explore the coast northwardly, and the other the ice cap in the same direction. Both will have the same objective point, the Humboldt glacier, said to be without doubt the greatest in the world. It is estimated to be sixty miles wide, of unknown height above the water-level, and extends, no man knows how far off, toward the North Pole. This great river of ice has never been explored, unless by the Peary party during the past spring.

The party which will journey along the coast will pass by the winter quarters of Dr. Hayes in 1860 and of Dr. Kane in 1853-4, and be within sight of Cape Sabine, where the Greely party suffered such untold hardships. They expect also to meet with and perhaps relieve some of the necessities of the Etah Esquimaux, who rendered so much assistance to the Kane party during their two years in Pensallier Bay. The party will also carry with them a large assortment of knives, files, hatchets, and other implements for the relief of the Esquimaux on the west coast of Greenland, from Cape York northwardly.

Equally as interesting are likely to be the experiences of the party who will make the exploration of the ice cap. To the members of this division will fall the main work of the study of the great Humboldt glacier; the journey will be made partly on foot, accompanied by sledges loaded with provisions, drawn by Esquimaux dogs or propelled by sails, through an ingenious contrivance of Professor Heilfrin. In studying the glacier, among other things the members of the expedition will endeavor to determine its exact height, width, and direction; the amount of motion it has daily; whether it bears in its embrace seeds of plants, and living but dormant vegetation, especially of perennials; the differences of temperature at and near the glacier, and the causes of the differences in temperature, if any. If it can be settled satisfactorily that there are perennial plants in a dormant condition in the ice, or, in fact, if almost any one of the problems is solved, it will be considered of the utmost scientific value, and will repay the cost of the expedition. The return voyage of the *Kite* will be made as slowly as is consistent with safety, in order that the configuration of the coast may be carefully studied, and abundant collections of fauna, flora, and geological specimens made.

## NEW YORK CITY AS A SUMMER RESORT.

IT is now about ten years since a well-known newspaper in New York City, whose methods and motives have been always more or less of a puzzle to the general reader, and something of a delight to the cultivated reader, began in apparent seriousness to call public attention to the charms of the metropolis as a summer resort. The greatest attraction to a loyal citizen of any country is always its greatest city. The desire to visit New York is perhaps foremost in the longing for travel that comes instinctively to an American boy or girl on the farm or in the small town, whether far from or near to the great and real centre of this country's life. The real question in planning a visit to New York is simply as to the best time to see the sights.

Those who go about New York day by day, watching its changes and the development of its life in a thousand forms, know, as did the newspaper that first began to talk about it, that never is the city more attractive, never so cheerful, never so hospitable, never so booming, as in the summer time. Most of "the 400" are gone, but they are simply an incident in the big town, anyway, and the average visitor never sees them when they are at home. Mr. McAllister is not one-tenth as interesting as Diana on the Madison Square tower, and a Hudson River excursion-boat loaded with enthusiastic lovers of beautiful scenery is an object of far more credit to the good sense of the city than the most gorgeous turnout, with coachman and footman stiff in livery, decorated with cockade and bursting with austerity, as it takes the family poodle out in the brougham for its regular morning airing over the asphalt-paved streets.

Consider what the summer means for the three millions of residents of New York, Brooklyn, and adjacent towns which really constitute the metropolis. It means, in the first place, the open air, with the sea breeze on hot days and the mountain breeze on cool days, for thousands upon thousands who have been housed in flats, layer upon layer, story upon story, and cooped up in small rooms during the winter. It means a chance to get away from the rush of town to field, to seashore, to park, in an amazingly short time and at amazingly cheap rates. It means a general chase for pleasure out of doors by the largest number of persons in any given radius in this country.

Nowhere else is there such an opportunity for out-door enjoyment. The ocean beach is within an hour of town, and stretches along the Jersey coast and Long Island for miles, a glistening band of white, on which laughing and dancing waves invite a wrestle. Nowhere in this country are there more excursion-boats, or more inviting islands or fishing-gounds to attract, than in and about New York. Nowhere will one find such an array of sports. It was estimated that on Decoration Day of this year nearly four hundred thousand persons were in attendance upon sports of various kinds—racing, base-ball, rowing, tennis, cricket, and others—within twenty miles of the town.

A rare variety and constant change of programme is presented to the visitor who comes to New York in search of a summer resort. He may listen to bewitching music in the parks or at the seashore; he may satisfy his love of nature by gazing upon palisades or highlands from the swift and graceful river steamer; he may dip in old Ocean in a hundred places; he may fish to his full satiety; he may ramble in woods and fields on the rim of the town; he may sit in splendid and palatial grand-stands and watch the fierce struggles of horses and riders, or of base-ball strategists in sharp conflict; he may visit museums without being jostled; he may drink in the breezes from the great bridge; he may roam in the shops with comfort; he may look upon the stock-broker and the summer girl, the one subdued and the other radiant; he may play tennis in the park,

and if it should happen to be a Saturday afternoon, and he should chance to be in Prospect Park, he would see hundreds upon hundreds of nets stretched across a magnificent sward, and thousands of darting balls; he would see the sharp twist of thousands of flexible wrists, the swoop of the racquets, and the smart rush of dainty feet; he would see the flash of color and hear the laughter of a host of merry maidens and happy youths.

And then, to crown the day's pleasure, the visitor may come back to the town at night, with its cool streets and comfortable restaurants, and spend the evening in that newest, happiest, and most successful fad of the ever-restless town, the roof garden, where plants, rare and beautiful, embower the atmosphere, colored lights rainbow the place, music sways the imagination, dances delight the eye, and cool breezes kiss the brow.

These open-air evening resorts, growing more

## ELBRIDGE T. GERRY.

THERE is not a more enthusiastic amateur sailor-man than the commodore of the New York Yacht Club. Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry was elected to that post in 1886 and has held it ever since. His splendid yacht, the *Electra*, is admirably fitted for the flag-ship, and during the cruises of the club the entertainments on the commodore's boat are on a scale of magnificence. Mr. Gerry is a man of great wealth, and his wife, who is a member of the well-known Goeler family of New York, is one of the most richly dowered women in the metropolis. At Newport and in New York the Gerrys entertain very handsomely. They have just decided to build a large mansion in Fifth Avenue fronting the Central Park, specially designed for social gatherings.

It is not only as a social leader, however, that Mr. Gerry is known in New York. He has

taught should be prevented from singing or dancing in public merely because she is a child. But where one such child is deterred from doing what in her case would not be hurtful there are hundreds also prevented from appearing in low music-halls and dives, from which all children should be rigidly excluded. An enthusiastic reformer cannot escape criticism, and probably Mr. Gerry knows this and does not particularly mind what comes to him in this shape.

Mr. Gerry comes of distinguished lineage, as he is the grandson of Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, who was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, a member of the Continental Congress, Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and Vice-President of the United States. The commodore of the New York Yacht Club was born in New York in 1837, was graduated from Columbia College twenty years later, and having studied law, practiced at the various New York courts for twenty years. He

now only appears in court in cases in which the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is interested. He has the largest private law library in the United States. It consists of 12,000 volumes. But it is as a yachtsman that Mr. Gerry is most interesting at this season, when all these pleasure craft are in commission and are ready either for mere loafing cruises or the more serious business of racing. It is not an infrequent thing during the summer for Mr. Gerry to hurry to New York and appear in court wearing his yachting uniform decorated with his insignia of office.

## FOREIGN SUBJECTS ILLUSTRATED.

## AMONG THE BATAK MALAYS.

A SINGULAR custom practiced among the Bataks of the island of Sumatra is illustrated in the picture from the *Tour du Monde*. It consists of the forging of the massive silver ear-rings in the ears of a young girl who has reached the marriageable age. A pointed post is erected in the public centre of the village, and the maiden takes her position here, while the metal-worker, who is a public functionary of some importance, makes an incision in the superior lobe of each ear. The spiral of the ponderous ornament is then inserted, and the girl slowly makes the circuit of the pointed post, which the operator uses as a kind of forge, welding the metal in such a manner that the ear-rings can never be detached save by cutting the ear.

## COLUMBUS'S EGG.

A fantastic novelty of the commemorative exposition which is about to be opened in Genoa, the native city of Columbus, is a booth in the form of a colossal egg. This, of course, is an apposite allusion to the familiar anecdote of the great navigator, in which he is represented, in the course of an argument with the Spanish grandees, as making an egg stand on end. The idea would not be a bad one for the managers of the Chicago fair to duplicate.

## A FESTIVAL TOURNAMENT AT VERONA.

The two hundredth anniversary of the organization of the Savoia-Cavalleria, one of the most ancient and celebrated commands of Italian military history, has just been celebrated by a series of picturesque fêtes, the spectacular feature of which was a grand tournament in the ancient Roman arena at Verona. The glittering manoeuvres of the horsemen, with the costumes and accoutrements of the days of chivalry, and the brilliant modern assemblage on the circular tiers of the ruined coliseum, made a striking picture well worthy of permanent record.

## THE VIENNA DRAMATICO-MUSICAL FAIR.

The international festival and exposition of the dramatic and musical arts, for which extensive preparations have been making during a year past, and to which allusion has previously been made in this journal, is to be opened this month. We give this week a view of the façade of the great Music Hall, perhaps the most imposing architectural feature of the show, which occupies a fine site on the Prater grounds.

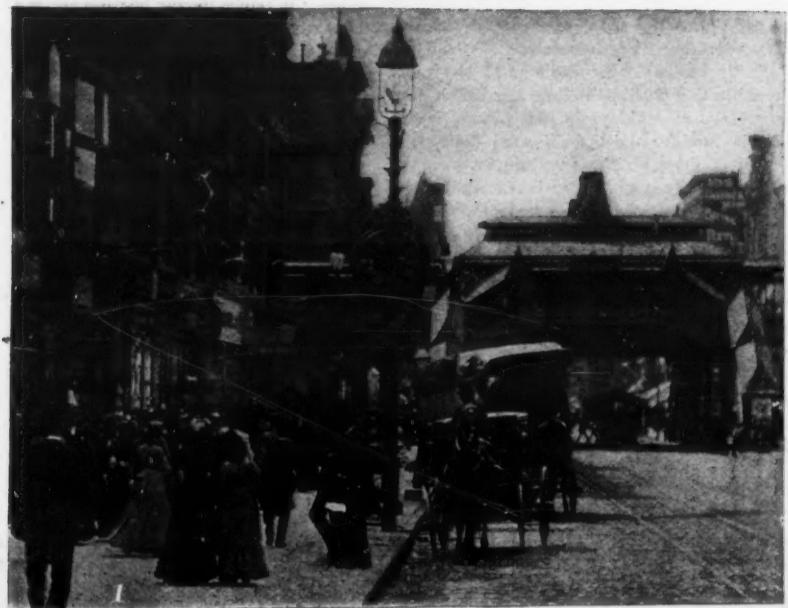


MEN OF THE DAY—V. ELBRIDGE T. GERRY, COMMODORE OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

and more numerous, seem to be displacing the old-time beer gardens. They are on the roofs of theatres, as a rule, but plans are being made to fit out the roofs of apartment-houses, and even storage establishments, on the lines of this old-time tenement-house luxury of comfortably sitting on top of the house at night and enjoying the stars and the air.

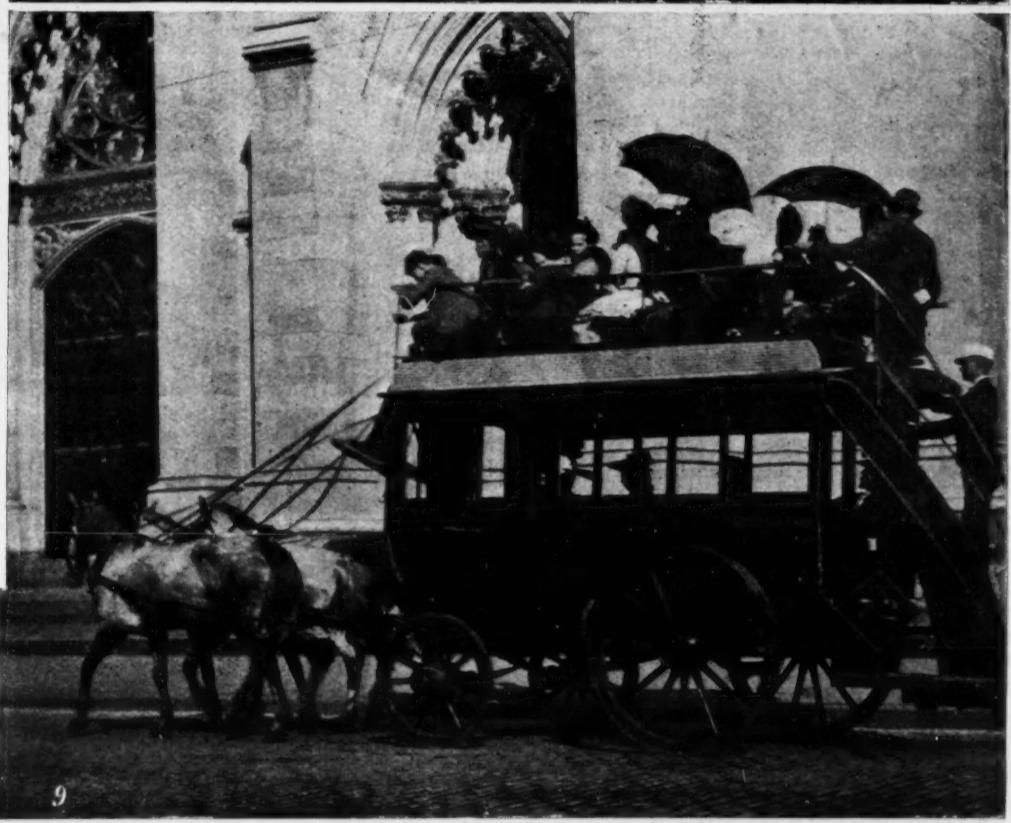
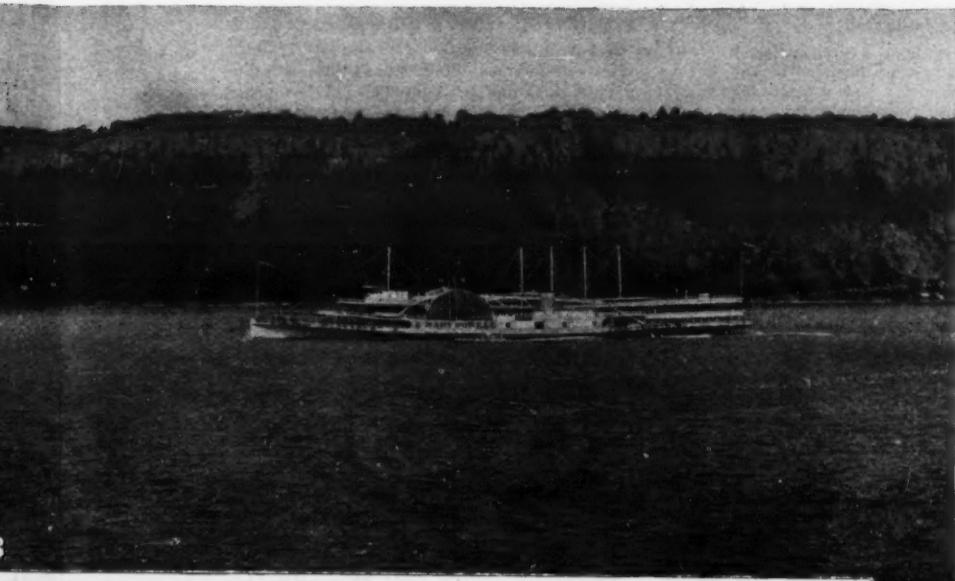
As the night comes on a dull glow in the west, across the river on the Palisades, perchance catches the visitor's eye. It is not the dying sunset, but the glow of a spectacle of fire, song and dance, of bewitching music and graceful women, and telling a story of the centuries of old Egypt's storm and stress, glory and renown—the novel El Dorado entertainment. Far to the south, on the beaches bordering on the Atlantic, there dart across the sky flashes of other pyrotechnic displays, outrivalling any display of the heavens, and emphasizing the fascination of New York City as the most attractive summer resort in the country.

ALBERT F. MATTHEWS.



1. SHOPPING ON TWENTY-THIRD STREET. 2. FLOTILLA ON THE HUDSON. 3. PALISADES OF THE HUDSON. 4. DECK OF A DAY-BOAT AT THE HIGHLANDS. 5. EAST RIVER FROM B  
9. UP FIFTH AVENUE ON A 'BUS. 10. BATHING AT CONEY ISLAND. 11. TERRACE AT CEN

THE ATTRACTIONS OF NEW YORK AS A SUMMER RESORT.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANK LESLIE



RIVER FROM BROOKLYN BRIDGE. 6. THE HARBOR AND LOWER END OF THE CITY. 7. MADISON SQUARE ROOF-GARDEN. 8. HARLEM RIVER AND WASHINGTON BRIDGE.  
TERRACE AT CENTRAL PARK. 12. STATUE OF LIBERTY. 13. MANHATTAN BEACH.



## TENNYSON'S BROOK.

BY JOHN ERNEST McCANN.

THERE was once a little boy who used to live in a little white cottage with green blinds, with his little mamma, in a leafy lane in the country. He was a little over nine years old—because he was going on ten. He didn't have any father, because his father was killed in the Mexican War. He didn't have any brothers or sisters either, and no uncles and no aunts. Just his little mamma and he lived down in that lane all alone, in the little cottage behind the two big elm-trees and the white picket fence.

In this place was a school-house, painted red, to which this little boy used to go. It was about one mile from the cottage. His mamma used to have to get up early to prepare her breakfast and her little boy's while he slept, because she had to go away to the silk mill to work. This silk mill was about two miles from the cottage, and in the opposite direction to the school. After she had prepared breakfast she used to call her little boy by bending over his little bed and waking him with a kiss, when they would both sit down to table. Then she would prepare a lunch for her little boy and tie it up in a nice white napkin. The lunch was composed, generally, of a couple of sandwiches made of jam, and a piece of real country cheese. Then she would kiss him and hurry away to the silk mill. Then he would wash the dishes and sweep up the little room. After that he would throw some crumbs out of the window for the birds, and fill a little green watering-pot, and then he would water the morning glories and things in the gardens in front of the cottage on each side of the front door. After it was all done it was usually half-past eight o'clock, and school began at nine. He had more "merits" (made out of yellow, blue, and red paper) and more "rewards" (engraved cards) than any other boy in school. These he used to take home to his mamma, and then she would take him in her arms and hug him. He used to get a "merit" every day and a "reward" every Saturday.

When school was let out at noontime the other boys would go home for their lunch, but this little fellow used to go down under the trees by the river, all by himself, and divide his lunch with the birds and bees. The bees would never sting him, and the birds used to hop all around him, and upon his knees, not in the least bit afraid. He used to talk to the birds and the river when nobody else was around. But if anybody else came near, the birds would fly away, the bees would angrily follow them, and the little boy would stop talking to the river. He didn't much care to join in the rougher sports of the other boys, and they used to think that he was a funny fellow, because something that looked like the lights of lanterns, that the farmers carried on stormy nights, glowed in his eyes.

After school was out, at four o'clock, he used to go home and prepare supper for his mamma and himself. By the time everything was ready he would go down the road at the top of the lane to meet her coming from the mill.

Well, one night in May she was not in sight when he reached the place where he always met her. So he waited. Then, as it was growing late, he walked on. Pretty soon the moon came out, and by its light he could look far down the turnpike, but his mamma he could not see. Just as he was becoming perfectly alarmed he heard a moan at the road-side, and there was his poor mamma, lying on the grass.

She was very ill. It took him nearly an hour to help her home. The nearest house to theirs was a quarter of a mile away, and to it he hurried for somebody to help. But it was too late, for that night he became a little orphan. It was terrible; but, of course, being such a little fellow, he didn't realize his loss until the years had come and gone.

One June morning, a few days after the funeral, he left the little cottage forever. He walked down the lane and out into the fields. He walked all day. Once he stopped and went in swimming in a big lake. He didn't actually

swim, you know, but he waded round. Then, when he came out, he ate some of his lunch. After that he walked on again. That night he came to a farm-house and the farmer's wife gave him his supper and a night's lodging, and he helped in the barn to pay for them. He didn't want to take anything without doing something for it. His mother had told him never to, and she also had told him to always give more than he received.

If the farmer's wife hadn't had a houseful of children to provide for she might have given him a home, but he didn't relish doing hard, rough, heavy work, and I doubt if he would have remained long at it had he taken it. Well, he kept on his journey, and at the end of the fifth day he found himself in a field full of hay-cocks. As it was kind of chilly he slept under one of these hay-cocks that night, and had splendid dreams as he cuddled up in a cozy way all by himself. So good were the dreams that he dreamed, that he arose like a new boy in the early morning and trudged bravely on until he came to a stone wall. Over this wall he climbed, to find himself in a clearing, beyond which was a forest a thousand years old, from the stately looks of the leafy veterans that gravely and majestically bent to welcome him to their domain.

Through the aisles of this forest he walked, and many little birds accompanied him. They skipped along the ground, hopped from twig to twig, and flew all around him with a chirping and chattering and with songs of absolute delight. And the squirrels ran about his path and climbed up his clothing to his shoulders and playfully nipped his ears. Nobody or no animal was ever frightened of him. He used to try to frighten little babies sometimes by making faces at them in fun, but the babies would only crow and hold out their arms to him.

At length he came to a brook in the forest, and he stooped down and had a good long drink. Then he washed his face in the brook, and, with sand for soap, his hands. Then he began to listen to the music of the brook. It told him many things that it might not tell other little boys, for he had invisible harps in his ears, and an invisible organ in his soul.

While he was standing there listening to the song of the brook he noticed a board, painted white, nailed to two rustic posts, upon which he read, in black letters, this:

"By thirty hills I hurry down,  
Or slip between the ridges;  
By twenty thors, a little town,  
And half a hundred bridges."

He read these lines over and over till he had them by heart. Then he followed the brook's course until he came to another white board upon two posts. On this board he read:

"I chatter over stony ways,  
In little sharps and trebles;  
I bubble into eddying bays;  
I bubble on the pebbles."

A quarter of a mile further along he came to a board, to read this:

"I chatter, chatter as I flow  
To join the brimming river;  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever."

By this time he was perfectly wild with joy over the brook and the signs. He had left the forest behind, and was out in the sunlight, free. As far away as he could see, the brook wound its ribbon way, dotted here and there with signs, upon which he read:

"I steal by lawns and grassy plots,  
I slide by hazel covers;  
I move the sweet forget-me-nots  
That grow for happy lovers.  
I murmur under moon and stars,  
In brambly wildernesses;  
I linger by shingly bars;  
I loiter round my crescents."

There were thirteen of these signs altogether, and they ran along the brookside for a long, long way. All the time, as the little boy walked, the brook got wider and wider, and finally it broadened out into a beautiful river; and away off in the sunny distance he could see where the river ran to kiss the ocean.

Where the brook became a river was a clump

of trees, and under the trees the last board, held up by rustic stakes driven into the earth. On this last board he read:

"And out again I curve and flow  
To join the brimming river;  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever!"

Then he tried to remember what the first sign had said, but as he had tried to remember what every sign had told him he forgot them all. They all ran together in his head, and he was very sad. And while he sat there looking out over the splendid river a gentleman with white hair and a beautiful face stood contemplating him silently. The little traveler was unconscious of this gentleman's presence, and that is why he began to sing the song on the board about the brook. I wish I could put his music on this paper for you. It was beautiful. Over and over he sang it until at last the gentleman spoke to him. He had to speak more than once, as the boy was perfectly wrapped up in the song.

When the gentleman had at last attracted his attention the boy told him how far he had journeyed and all about himself, and how much he loved what was painted on the thirteen boards that dotted the brookside. Then the gentleman asked him if he knew what those lines were, and when he said no the gentleman said that they were his favorite poem. He was the owner of the brook, and he had had those signs painted to tell its story. The boy then said:

"What is a poem?"

And the gentleman replied:

"Lines filled with melody, sound, and sense, that suggest higher and nobler things, written by a poet."

"And what is a poet?" cried the boy, all ex-cited.

Replied the gentleman:

"One who sees things that are beautiful, and makes others see them, no matter how dark it may be."

"Then I'm a poet," whispered the boy.

"I believe you. Come with me and be my little boy," said the gentleman. And hand-in-hand they climbed the hill and disappeared over the crown of it.

## BLUE-EYED MARGUERITA.

LITTLE baby Marguerita,  
Only four years old,  
Pressed her nose against the window,  
Tossed her curls of gold;  
Looked far out into the distance,  
Through the fading light—  
"Mamma, do 'oo 'spose," she questioned,  
"God can see at night?"  
"Yes, my darling, God is ever  
Keeping tender care;  
Looking down on little children,  
Here and everywhere."  
Nose once more against the window,  
Frown upon the brow;  
Little blue-eyed Marguerita  
Very thoughtful now.  
Soon a smile like golden sunshine  
Flits across her face,  
Doubt and inquiry and wonder,  
Vanished every trace;  
"Mamma, I can tell 'oo somelin'"—  
"Way up in 'e skies  
All 'ose 'ittle stars 'at twinkle  
Are 'e dear God's eyes."

FLORENCE JOSEPHINE BOYCE.

## TWO AMUSING EXPERIMENTS.

A PRETTY and simple experiment, quite easy to try now that the warm June sun has brought so many flowers popping out on their little stems, is to change the colors of cut flowers. And, lovely and delicate as the colors are in their natural hues, they will alter to others as lovely without injury to the flower. Put five or ten cents' worth of ordinary *aqua ammonia* in a saucer, stand a small funnel, large end down, over this, and in the small end insert the flower you wish to change. Then be a little patient and you will see what you will see soon. I shall be glad to hear from the boys and girls who try this pretty trick, if they will write me all that happens. And can any one tell *why* it happens?

Another experiment, rather more difficult to



try and quite different, is to stand two glasses as nearly alike as possible close together on a wooden table. Fill them about one-quarter full of water, and then pour more water, little by little, into either one or the other until they both give out the same musical note when lightly touched with the blade of a knife. In other words, tune them together. Across the top of one glass place a piece of fine, thin wire, slightly bent at both ends; then make the second glass sing, by rubbing the rim with one wet finger, and in a moment you will see the wire on the first glass dancing and jumping about in a most amusing manner, keeping time to the music, and clicking a castanet-like accompaniment the while. One glass vibrates because it is rubbed, the other quivers from sympathy, the water ripples in tiny waves, and the little wire gayly responds to the tune.

## PRIZE ANSWERS.

1. THE Battle of Gettysburg, which was fought on the first three days of July, 1863, is usually considered to have been the turning point of the late Civil War. General Lee's veterans, who fell before the terrible charge of the Union troops on July 3d, could not be replaced; they had been the backbone of the Southern army, and with them fell the Confederacy. The Union troops never lost another battle of any consequence.

2. Oliver Hazard Perry, afterward commodore, was the hero of Lake Erie. Possessed of ability, energy in the face of almost unsurmountable difficulties, and unlimited personal valor, his name must ever be conspicuous in the naval history of the world.

3. Napoleon Bonaparte may be called the greatest general the world has ever known. He was selfish, tyrannical and unscrupulous, but his military genius was of the highest order, and he probably won a larger number of important victories than any other commander.

## PRIZE WINNERS.

Girls' first prize—Gertrude Sprague, No. 1003 Olive Street, Scranton, Pa.

Girls' second prize—Rena Spiegelberg, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Boys' prize—Otto Davies, No. 153 E. Fifth Street, Winona, Minn.

## HONOR ROLL.

Antoinette White, Marian Crise, Hulda Tillman, Mabel Thorn, Caroline Stoddard, Lida M. Snyder, Rena Jones, Maud B. Tompkins, Alfred Bell, Wallace Low, Eno Ripley, Geo. P. Quinn. Many other correct, or nearly correct, answers were received. The above are the twelve best entitled to special mention.

## PRIZE OFFER.

Prizes will be awarded this month for the best short stories, to be written on either of the two following subjects:

"How Louie Won the Great School Prize."

"Jack, the Blind Man's Dog."

Choose your subject, think it over carefully, and write on only one side of each sheet of paper. The prizes will be as before—two French dolls for the girls, and a jointed fishing rod for the boys. All answers must be sent in by July 18th, and should be addressed: Children's Department, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, NO. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York City. This offer is open to all competitors.

## A NEW-FASHIONED TEA-PARTY.

ONLY a short time ago so many little friends wrote that "they liked nothing better than to spend an afternoon cooking together," making cakes and goodies, with a merry tea-party for a finish, that they certainly should hear of a new-fashioned tea-party invented by eight busy girls a short time ago.

It was new fashioned because every one who came was expected to bring something prepared by her own hands and cooked without assistance, and so mysteriously were the parcels given to the mamma who kindly managed it all, that no one knew what any one else had brought.

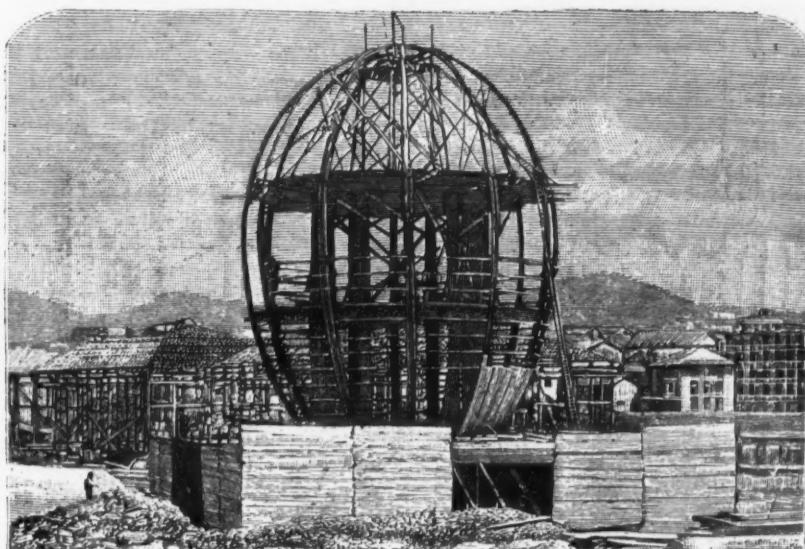
With much laughter, many sly jokes and conscious blushes the feast was eaten—croquettes, made dainty with tiny green decorations, flaky biscuits, cake, candy and many good things besides. When tea was quite over came a solemn moment, for each little cook was asked to write on a slip of paper the name of the dish she had liked the best of all. The votes were gathered up, sorted and counted. Amid hearty applause the name of the lucky one was announced, and a pretty but simple prize was awarded to that little girl whose dish had gained the largest number of votes.

What do you think of this new-fashioned tea-party? Why not try one of your own?

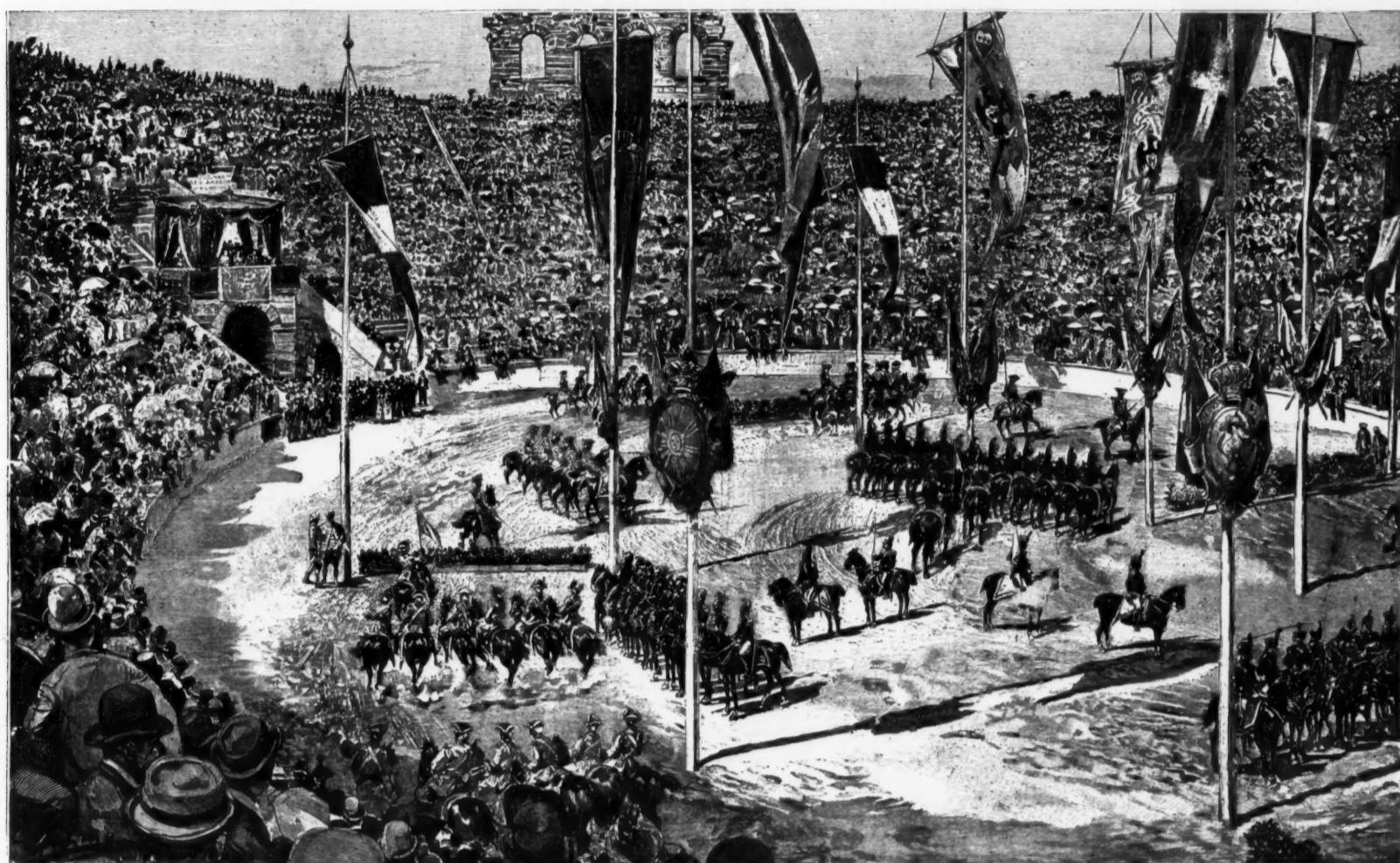
If the little girl who wrote from Denver, Colorado, about two months ago, telling of a lame child named Dolly, for whom she would like to win a prize doll, will write again, giving her name and address, we would like to communicate with her. Her last letter was accidentally mislaid and her name is unknown.



FAÇADE OF THE MUSICAL EXPOSITION BUILDING, VIENNA.



BUILDING COLUMBUS'S EGG, FOR THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION AT GENOA.



ITALY.—FESTIVAL OF CHIVALRY IN THE OLD ROMAN ARENA AT VERONA.



CEREMONY OF FORGING THE EAR-RINGS OF A MARRIAGEABLE GIRL AMONG THE BATAKS OF THE ISLAND OF SUMATRA.

SOME INTERESTING FOREIGN EVENTS ILLUSTRATED.—[SEE PAGE 27.]

JULY 7, 1892.

## MR. CLEVELAND AT GRAY GABLES.

The contention and excitement which characterized the Democratic National Convention at Chicago did not extend to Gray Gables, the summer residence of Mr. Cleveland. During the progress of the convention he remained at ease, except in the intervals devoted to fishing, in company with Joe Jefferson and one or two other friends. He seems to have anticipated the result of the convention, but was naturally very much interested in the progress of events. On the night when the nomination was made he remained in waiting until the result of the ballot was received, and on the following day received the congratulations of those of his friends who made their way to his quiet retreat. Congratulatory telegrams poured upon him for a day or two after the convention.

The Western Union Company had provided a special wire, and linemen were employed to examine the line along the road leading from the village of Buzzard's Bay to Mr. Cleveland's place. The wires run part of the way through a strip of woods. Gray Gables is about two miles from the village of Buzzard's Bay, which is situated on the Old Colony road leading to Cape Cod and Provincetown. The population of the village, which is clustered about the station, is about three hundred and fifty. The Cleveland residence is situated at the mouth of Monumet River, and has water on three sides of it. The ex-President does not often visit the village, but his wife drives regularly to the post-office, and does her shopping in the modest little stores, with whose proprietors she is very popular.

Governor Russell and his wife were Mr. Cleveland's guests during the convention week, and nearly two dozen newspaper men haunted the cottage, carefully gathering up every incident of interest to the public.

## HON. A. E. STEVENSON.

ADLAI E. STEVENSON the Democratic nominee for Vice-President, is a native of Kentucky, where he was born in 1835. He was graduated from Centre College, Danville, at twenty years of age,

studied law, and since 1858 has been prominent at the Bar of Illinois. He was elected to Congress in 1874, and again in 1878, being three times defeated as a Greenback and Democratic



ADLAI EWING STEVENSON, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

candidate. In 1865, he was appointed first assistant postmaster-general, which office he held until the close of the Cleveland administration in March, 1889. During this period Mr. Stevenson was active in the removal of government employés who were members of the Republican party. Since his retirement from the Post-Office Department he has been engaged in the practice of law at Bloomington, Illinois.

*Graphology*

We have been both surprised and pleased with the widespread interest aroused by our new Graphological Department. Applications have come to us from all parts of the world, and in numbers so unexpectedly large that we have been obliged to devise some scheme to insure prompt replies and satisfaction to all correspondents, as we are unable to afford the space necessary to print more than a

limited number of readings each week. To this end we make the following announcement: Any applicant sending us fifty cents will be entitled to a short reading of character, to be sent immediately by mail, and the colored edition of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for six months; \$1, to a minute and circumstantial reading of character and the colored edition of the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for one year.

L. S., Champaign, Ill.—Is prompt, energetic, and business-like. His temperament is warm, his abilities are practical, his speech ready but not indiscreet, and his mind observing and capable. He is thrifty but yet generous, is decided, self-confident and honest.

J. R. S., West Troy, N. Y.—Is good tempered, though at times a bit selfish. He is distinctly capable of reticence, is ambitious, determined to progress, and possessed of a touch of originality and capacity for finesse. He is egotistical, candid and fearless, self-controlled and refined in temperament, with capable mind. The masculine pronoun is used while reiterating that sex is impossible to discover in handwriting.

H. L. E. B.—Is candid, frank, honest, and free from concealment, though not too communicative. He is careful, deliberate and unimpulsive, is only methodical with an effort, has some tenacity, but is not forcible and would do well to cultivate strength of will and promptness of decision. The germ is there but it has not yet burst its shell.

Senga.—Is refined, neat, and a bit fanciful. The mind is ready and somewhat versatile, the disposition variable but in the main good-tempered. Warm affections are evident, some selfishness and a decidedly appreciative opinion of self. Perseverance is usual when an interest has been once roused, also good judgment and a sense of justice. There is ability for practical work, but it is not the handwriting of a machine or a plodder; a touch of method and system would be an excellent addition. The taste is good, the sense of form is developed, and a certain occasional dash ing impulsiveness—not the impulse of confidence but rather that of "one who has been spoiled," as is the expression.

A Friend of H., Minneapolis, Minn.—Is observing and capable of doing more things well than one. Considerable tenacity is visible and force of will, also economy, but not to the verge of meanness. Retinence of favorite ideas is a habit and caution. Temperament is deliberate and too exacting, too inexpensive for the owner to be easily happy. A little more adaptability, a little more belief in others, a shade less of criticism, and the difficulties of life will smooth and the prospect brighten.

Nora Blaine, N. J.—Is somewhat expansive, affectionate, and a bit sentimental. She is liberal in her

ideas and would enjoy being extravagant. In opinion she is tenacious, in disposition positive, inclined to obstinacy but not ill nature. She will become more level as time advances, weak spots will grow stronger and tenacity bend into firmness, for her mind is clear and her intention good.

Frederick George, St. Louis.—Is well educated and a trifle versatile, economical in theory, with occasional impulse to generosity. He is business-like and possessed of a sensible, clear mind. His tastes are formed upon lines of cultivation and have been practically trained. He is candid and sincere as the world goes, even more so of the latter than the ordinary. His judgment is excellent, and is aided by a certain critical ability which is of the useful rather than inconvenient order. He is usually good tempered and is capable of true affection.

Roy Sharpe, Putnam, Conn.—Is restless, impulsive, and a bit impractical. Still, he is rather observing and rapid in general perceptions. He is somewhat egotistical, is capable of reticence when he so chooses, and, though ready of speech, is yet uncommunicative. He is variable in intention and fairly firm of will.

E. S. C., Buffalo, N. Y.—Is active to the point of energy, has some enthusiasms, and is capable of warm admiration of things both animate and inanimate. Mind is clear and logical, temperament sincere, candid, and open.

London

Speech is ready and at times communicative, will

is firm, disposition amiable, and the whole pleasing and capable of good friendship, lasting affection, and reliable, practical work.

Ellen H., Buffalo, N. Y.—Is practical and logical, candid and reasonable. She is possessed of strong self-respect, even of some egotism, and is neat, refined in ideas and usually good tempered.

A. H. K., Rendham, Pa.—Is careful and painstaking. He works with deliberation, is systematic and business-like. In

Rendham

business-like. He is generous but not

cautious. He is

generous but not

extravagant, candid and honest, tenacious of idea and opinion, and generally good tempered.

M. A. A. C., Portland, Oregon.—Is active, energetic, and quick of wit. There is much decision in his handwriting, and perseverance. His affections are warm, even a bit expansive. He is generous, good-tempered, and capable. Decision with him is rapidly made, nor has he reason to distrust his impulses. There is some egotism visible, but it is not aggressive; his speech is ready and pointed, and his personality is such as must always carry influence among his fellows.

Lucy,  
New York

## Thirty Million Dollars Saved!

By reducing the premium rates charged to members to harmonize with the payments to the widows and orphans for death claims. More than Thirty Million Dollars have already been saved to the members of the

## Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association.

## READ ITS RECORD.

\$1,150,000.00	Paid in Death Claims since Jan. 1st, 1892, more than Half a Million Dollars having been paid to the widows and orphans within the past Sixty Days.
\$13,051,638.09	A Grand Total of \$13,051,638.09 paid by this Association to the widows and orphans and beneficiaries of its deceased members.
\$5,283,444.00	of Insurance has been received during past month, May, 1892, showing an increase over the amount during May, 1891, of \$1,030,844.00.
\$24,124,594.00	Applications for Insurance amounting to \$24,124,594.00 have been received from January 1st to June 1st, 1892, an excess of nearly \$4,000,000.00 over the corresponding period of 1891.
\$225,000,000.00	The Total Business in Force foots up over \$225,000,000.00.
\$3,247,893.31	The Cash Surplus Reserve Fund now amounts to \$3,247,893.31.

**THE MUTUAL RESERVE FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION**  
FURNISHES LIFE INSURANCE at about ONE-HALF the usual rates charged by the old system companies. It has excellent POSITIONS to offer in its AGENCY DEPARTMENT in every City, Town and State to experienced and successful business men. Send to the Home Office for Prospectus.

HOME OFFICE IS "POTTER BUILDING," 38 PARK ROW, NEW YORK CITY.

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O. D. BALDWIN, Vice-President.  
HENRY J. REINMUND, Second Vice-President, Ex-Supt. Ins. Dept., Ohio.  
J. D. WELLS, Third Vice-President.  
F. A. BURNHAM, Counsel.  
JOHN W. VROOMAN, Treasurer.  
E. F. PHELEYS, Comptroller.  
F. T. BRAMAN, Secretary.

## OFFICIAL EXAMINATIONS.

*The Association has been officially examined and certificates of indorsement given by the following Insurance Departments and Experts:*

1. By the Insurance Department of New York  
In 1885.
2. By the Insurance Department of Ohio in 1886.
3. By the Insurance Department of Michigan  
In 1886.
4. By the Insurance Department of Wisconsin  
In 1887.
5. By the Insurance Department of Minnesota  
In 1887.
6. By the Insurance Department of Rhode Island in 1887.

Each of the above Insurance Departments officially certify that the books and accounts of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association are correctly kept; that its management is intelligent and upright, and that every honest death claim has been promptly paid in full.

## REPORTS MAY BE HAD UPON APPLICATION.

"THE ASSOCIATION'S SYSTEM OF PREMIUMS IS EXACTLY AS REGULAR AS THE LEVEL PREMIUM SYSTEM. Each class of company does something which the other does not, and each class of company is deserving of patronage for the goods it has to sell."

"AUG. F. HARVEY, Actuary, Missouri Insurance Department."

A PARTIAL LIST OF  
DEATH CLAIMS PAID  
BY THEMUTUAL RESERVE FUND LIFE  
ASSOCIATION

Within the past ninety (90) days.

NAME OF DECEASED.	RESIDENCE.	AMOUNT.
Dr. Edmund F. Garrett.	Germantown, Pa.,	\$5,000
Albert S. Odell.	Yonkers, N. Y.	15,000
Frederick S. Greene.	Coxsackie, N. Y.	5,000
John J. Denike.	Peekskill, N. Y.	5,000
Henry A. Ross.	Philadelphia, Pa.	10,000
Bernard Rubens.	Mexico, Mo.	10,000
Orlando L. Stewart.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	5,000
Robert Morrison.	St. Louis, Mo.	5,000
Louis E. Hastings.	Indianapolis, Ind.	5,000
Robert M. Clarke.	Panola, Ga.	10,000
Theron W. Peck.	Milwaukee, Wis.	10,000
Daniel Morrison.	Curryville, N. B.	5,000
Michael C. Shanley.	Portchester, N. Y.	10,000
Edward S. Willis.	Stapleton, N. Y.	5,000
John E. Jones.	Jersey City, N. J.	5,000
Christopher S. Ebersole.	Norristown, Pa.	5,000
Simeon T. Clark.	Lockport, N. Y.	5,000
William J. Mallady.	San Francisco, Cal.	7,500
Henry G. Dexter.	Leandro, Cal.	10,000
James H. Prentice.	Saginaw, Mich.	5,000
Erby Boyd.	Cleveland, Tenn.	5,000
George Le Fevre.	Baltimore, Md.	6,000
Charles P. Wescott.	Rocklin, Cal.	5,000
George M. Jones.	Covington, Ky.	5,000
Alexander H. Cowen.	St. Louis, Mo.	10,000
Patrick Gallagher.	Govanstown, Md.	10,000
Charles Meyran.	Pittsburg, Pa.	20,000
John Hall.	New York City.	25,000
Justus S. Hiscox.	New York City.	10,000
George W. Middleton.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	10,000
Jacob Tugendrich.	Nashville, Tenn.	10,000
James S. Carruthers.	Memphis, Tenn.	10,000
Martin L. Straus.	Baltimore, Md.	10,000
Francis W. Noble.	Detroit, Mich.	10,000
Anson P. K. Safford.	New York City.	15,000
John H. Bonn.	Hoboken, N. J.	15,000
William B. Brown.	Marblehead, Mass.	5,000
Jacob Hecht.	Baltimore, Md.	15,000
Richard C. Brandies.	New York City.	5,000
William E. Hinckman.	New York City.	5,000
Shadwell H. Clerke.	London, England.	£1,000 4,870
F. W. Baetzell.	Rochester, N. Y.	10,000
Moses Wentheimer.	San Francisco, Cal.	10,000
Various other claims paid during past ninety (90) days.		291,000

Total Claims paid past ninety days, \$664,370

## PRINCE OF WALES.

The family of a friend of the PRINCE OF WALES receives \$5,000 from the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association.

Two years ago Colonel Shadwell H. Clerke, a warm personal friend of the Heir to the British throne and Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Free Masons of England (of which the Prince of Wales is Grand Master), became a member of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association. A short time since Colonel Clerke died, and his family has already received Five Thousand Dollars from the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, the full face of the policy. The total payments by Mr. Clerke were less than \$100.

The following is the copy of acknowledgment of cheque by Colonel Clerke's executor, in payment of this claim:

## COPY.

14 OLD SQUARE, LINCOLN'S INN,  
LONDON, Eng., 18th May, 1892.

DEAR SIR—

I have much pleasure in stating that I, as Executor under the will of the late Colonel Shadwell H. Clerke, have this day received payment in full of the policy effected by him in your office. It seems that by some oversight the Annual Dues payable in September, 1891, were not paid, but your Association never raised any difficulty on this score, although the policy was in force for less than a year. It is true that subsequent Mortuary Calls were received in respect of the policy, which, according to English law, amounts to a waiver of the forfeiture, but the circumstance might have been laid hold of as a pretext for delay.

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours truly,

(Signed) AUBREY ST. JOHN CLERKE.  
EDWIN R. SPIERS, Esq., F.S.S.,  
Comptroller, British Dep't, Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, of 38 Park Row, New York.



#### CUSTARD WITHOUT EGGS!

##### EVERY LADY PROPOSED TO.

THIS may seem a rather startling announcement to put before the ladies of America, nevertheless, it is a genuine offer. At the first blush it, of course, suggests matrimony, and it may be at once confessed that it is not altogether unconnected with that supposed blissful state of existence. It is a proposal for an alliance that will tend, at all events, greatly to increase domestic happiness; that will promote health, insure pleasurable feelings, and engender harmony and peace in the family circle. It is, in fact, a proposal to the appreciative womankind of America to make delicious custards without eggs with BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER, an exquisite table luxury of immense popularity in Great Britain, providing an endless variety of dainty dishes and the choicest and richest custard entirely without eggs.



BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER is now introduced into America, and will very shortly be on sale at all the principal retail stores. Meanwhile every American lady is invited to send to ALFRED BIRD & SONS, 2, WOOSTER STREET, NEW YORK,

for the Dollar Sample Box of Bird's exquisite English Home Specialties, and to entertain her family and friends with a few choice English dishes by way of a change.

THE DOLLAR SAMPLE BOX contains four of the articles for which Bird's name has been a household word throughout Great Britain and her Colonies for more than half a century.

##### CONTENTS OF THE BOX.

FIRST, a packet of BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER, sufficient to make four pints of the richest custard without eggs, which may be served either from a dish or on the ordinary custard glasses, and is

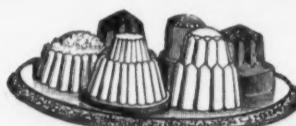


delicious with all canned, bottled or fresh fruits. Bird's Custard possesses the richness and nutriment of cream without risk to the most sensitive digestion.

SECOND, a package of BIRD'S BLANCMANGE POWDER, enough to make three large Blanmanges a pint each. The Blanmanges are most agreeably flavoured, and are highly nutritious, and can be produced in a

variety of tints, forming a charming dessert dish, and contributing to the decoration of the table.

THIRD, a tin of BIRD'S CONCENTRATED EGG POWDER, a complete substitute for eggs in puddings, cakes, buns, griddle cakes, and all similar kinds of English and American confectionery, to which it imparts the



lightness, richness, appearance and flavour of new-laid eggs. This tin is equal to 30 new-laid eggs.

FOURTH, a canister of BIRD'S GIANT BAKING POWDER, claimed to be the strongest and best article of the kind in the whole world. It will go twice as far as ordinary Baking Powder, and is guaranteed free from alum, ammonia, or any impurity whatsoever, all the ingredients being of the highest quality. N.B.—Messrs. BIRD were the original inventors of Baking Powder in 1842, and the secret of their process has never yet been discovered.

For a fifth article the box contains a copy of "Sweet Dishes," a booklet full of practical hints and numerous original recipes of tasty dishes for the dinner and supper table. The recipes are all new to American cookery, and are suited to American measures, methods and cooking utensils.

The whole of the above are enclosed in a tastefully finished artistic Cartoon Box, an excellent specimen of English fancy box ware. When the samples are taken out, it will make a very pretty handkerchief, glove, or cotton box.

This Dollar Sample Box is intended solely to introduce Bird's English Specialties into American homes, and cannot be purchased retail, and Messrs. BIRD will not be able to supply more than one Sample Box to each household. Remember the object in view is to distribute samples of the Special Domestic Luxuries, for which Bird's name stands first and foremost as a guarantee for Purity and High Quality.

A remittance of one dollar to Messrs. BIRD & SON'S New York Offices, 2, WOOSTER STREET, NEW YORK, will bring the sample box EXPRESSED Free of Charge. If any dissatisfaction, the money will be willingly refunded, providing the goods are sent back intact.



ASK! ASK! ASK!

Of all Stores! Everywhere! Every Day!  
For BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER.

**POSITIVELY  
BEAUTIFUL**

"MY DEAR FELLOW, there was always something to admire in that girl; but now she is **positively beautiful**. Her hair, so rich and wavy, shows the perfection of care; her teeth are like ivory; her cherry-red lips are enchanting, and a more **exquisite complexion** I never saw." "But, John, you should not forget that the object of your adoration has made herself lovely by the use of

**CONSTANTINE'S  
Persian Healing  
PINE TAR SOAP."**

It is now no longer a secret that this INDISPENSABLE ARTICLE FOR TOILET USE is a PURIFYING AGENT OF WONDERFUL VIRTUES. It is harmless and inexpensive, but if you obtain the Original, which bears CONSTANTINE'S name, you will be able to HEIGHTEN EVERY CHARM which adds PERFECTION to

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"Every one should read this little book." —Athenaeum.

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It will wind up the line a hundred times as fast as any other reel in the world. It will wind up the line slowly. No fish can ever get slack line with it. It will save more fish than any other reel. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

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Another new train with all the luxurious appointments common to the GREAT ROCK ISLAND'S equipment has been added to the Colorado service. The "Rocky Mountain Limited," between Chicago, Denver, Pueblo, Colorado Springs, and Manitou, leaves Chicago at 10.45 every morning, immediately after the arrival of all fast trains from the East. Though a limited train, there is no extra fare. It reaches Denver the next afternoon—earlier than any other route.

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Its counterpart leaves Denver daily at 9 A. M., returning over the same route, via Phillipbury, Beatrice, Lincoln, Omaha, Des Moines, and Davenport, arriving at Chicago next day at 4.15 P. M.

The "Big Five" will continue as usual, leaving Chicago at 10 P. M. daily, arriving at Denver, Colorado Springs, and Pueblo the second morning, being out but one day. No. 11 will leave as heretofore at 6 P. M., by way of Kansas City, and reach Denver at the same hour as the "Big Five."

By these additions the Colorado service of the Great Rock Island affords two "Flyers" daily each way. **TAKE THE ROCK ISLAND!**

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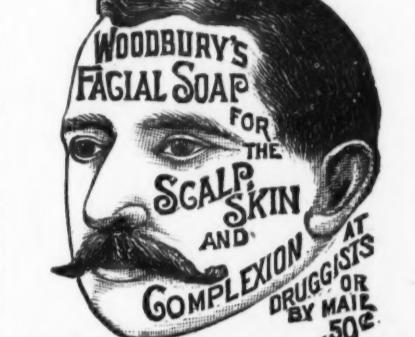
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An important announcement, published elsewhere, states some suggestive facts in the history of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association. More than half a million dollars has been paid within the past sixty days to widows and orphans by that concern. Since the 1st of January \$1,150,000 has been expended in death claims. In the same period applications for insurance have been made amounting to nearly four million dollars in excess of the sum for the corresponding dates of last year. The month of May shows a total in insurance received of \$5,283,444, an increase of more than \$1,000,000 over the May record of 1891.

The prosperous condition revealed in this report must be gratifying both to officers and members. It is the distinction of the Mutual Reserve that it has inaugurated a new insurance system. It is its undoubted merit that it has become widely popular, influential, and powerful. It is the confident claim of its friends that it furnishes life insurance at about one-half the usual rates charged by the old-system companies. Its offer of agencies in every town and State indicates an aggressive determination not to be content to "point with pride" to results already achieved.

Thirty million dollars, the announcement states, has been saved by reducing the premium rates charged to members to harmonize with the payments to the widows and orphans. The total business in force foots up over \$225,000,000, and the cash surplus reserve fund now amounts to \$3,247,893.31. Such are the imposing aggregates which form the basis of the progressive increase which every report seems to indicate.

The officers are E. B. Harper, president; O. D. Baldwin, first vice-president; Henry J. Reinmund, second vice-president; J. D. Wells, third vice-president; John W. Vrooman, treasurer.

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"Do you want a good thing?" asked President Lincoln of an importunate office-seeker. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Get Don Quixote then, and read it. It will make you laugh." Still more laughable to those who appreciate American above Spanish humor is the "New Don Quixote," in which the sorrowful Knight of La Mancha and his faithful squire, Sancho, are brought in contact with the civilization of the nineteenth century. Send fifty cents for it to Brentano's, New York and Chicago.

THE finest train between Boston and New York is the "Springfield Line" Limited, which leaves either city at 12:00 noon, due at 5:40. It is composed entirely of drawing-room cars, and the rate is \$6.00, which includes seat in drawing-room car.

THE Colorado Midland Railway passes through the most interesting portion of the Rocky Mountains. If you will send \$1.25 we will mail you, postage paid, three beautiful colored photographs of scenery, or for \$1. four beautiful photogravure pictures. Address Charles S. Lee, General Passenger Agent, Denver, Colorado.

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When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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*None genuine without this signature.*

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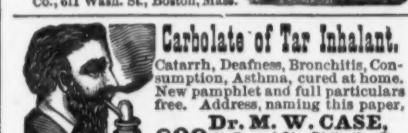
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Catarrh, Deafness, Bronchitis, Consumption, Asthma, cured at home. New pamphlet and full particulars free. Address, naming this paper, Dr. M. W. CASE, 809 N. Broad St., Philad'l'a., Pa.

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It drives all flies away by the shadow and motion of the wings while revolving. Will run 75 minutes at a time, and can be rewound by simply turning cross-piece at top of base. No key required. Price \$2.50 each.

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The cost is trifling compared to the benefit derived from its use.

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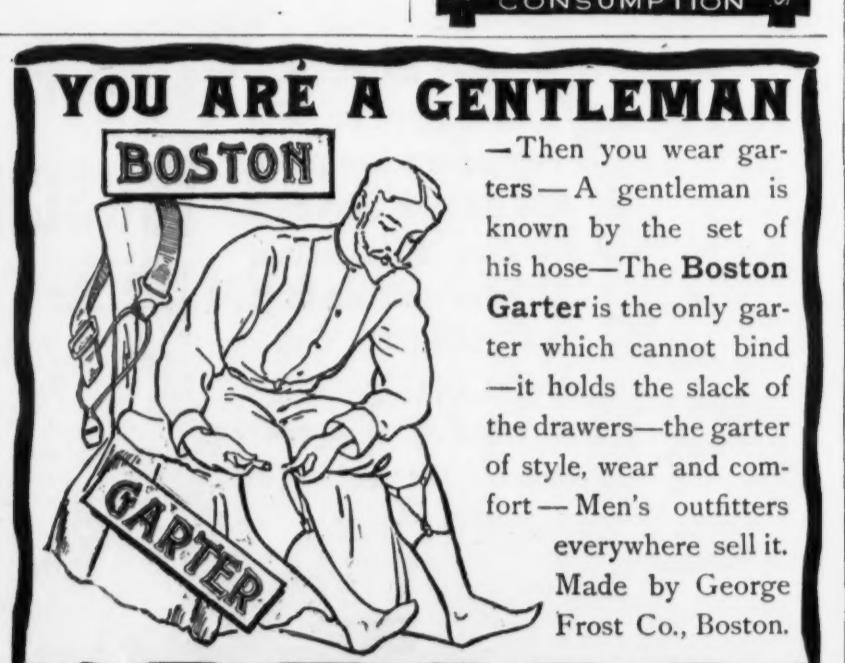
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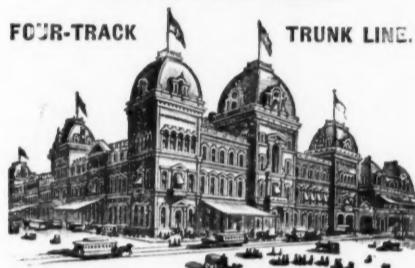
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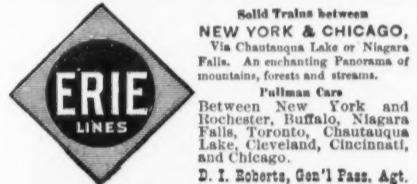
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### HIS OBJECTIVE.

PRESIDENT HARRISON has selected Loon Lake, in the Adirondacks, as the spot to spend his vacation. Ex-President Cleveland will make a trip several months later, his objective point being somewhere up Salt River.—*Pittsburg (Pa.) Chronicle*.

### THE WRONG WAY.

A HARTFORD man stole a locomotive and is now in jail. He went at it the wrong way. He should have become a financier and stolen the whole railroad.

### HIS TOMBSTONE.

In one of his fierce articles in reference to the nominating of Mr. Cleveland for the Presidency, Mr. Henry Watterson said that to do so would be "marching through the slaughterhouse to the grave." Now that Mr. Cleveland has been nominated, and Mr. Watterson has fallen into line among his supporters, it is to be presumed that he has ordered his tombstone.

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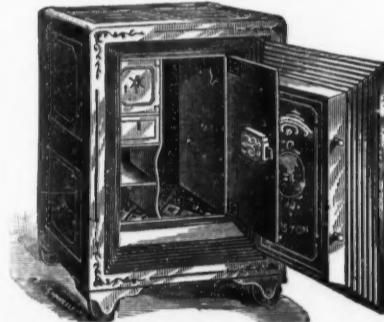
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